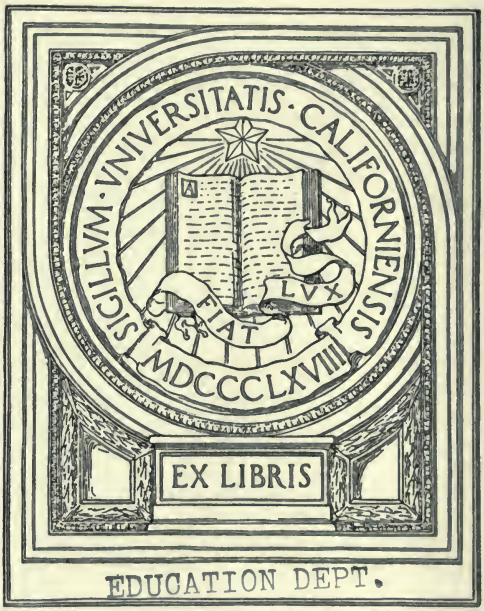
UC-NRLF
$B 307 853



EDUCATION DEPT.

894
W 366

V. 4

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/webbsnormalreade00webbrich

Miss Ella Peck's book

THE NORMAL SERIES.

WEBB'S

NORMAL READER.

No. 4.

DESIGNED

TO TEACH CORRECT READING,

TO

IMPROVE AND EXPAND THE MIND,

AND TO

PURIFY AND ELEVATE THE CHARACTER.

MAN IS WHAT HE IS,
BUT
CAN BE WHAT HE WILL.

BY J. RUSSELL WEBB.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON & COMPANY,
115 NASSAU STREET.
1860.

THE NORMAL SERIES

OF

SCHOOL READERS,

BY

J. RUSSELL WEBB.

In presenting to the public a new series of reading books, it is not pretended that the department they are designed to occupy in teaching, is not already abundantly supplied. There are books enough, and more than enough, if they were only of the right kind—instinct with new ideas, and improved methods of instruction, by which to infuse those ideas into the minds of the young. In general, however, they follow one beaten track, and that not the most direct and easy. This series proposes and developes a new system of instruction, which, it is believed, possesses many and great advantages. It has been proved and commended by many practical teachers, and now solicits a fair and faithful trial from all who would attain for themselves, or impart to their pupils, the most important, though hitherto the most neglected, of human arts—*the art of reading well.*

THE SERIES CONSISTS OF

WEBB'S PRIMARY LESSONS* .....*By J. Russell Webb.*
WEBB'S PRIMER FOR THE NURSERY .....*By J. Russell Webb*
WEBB'S NORMAL PRIMER FOR SCHOOLS...*By J. Russell Webb.*
WEBB'S NORMAL READER, No. 1.....*By J. Russell Webb.*
WEBB'S NORMAL READER, No. 2.....*By J. Russell Webb.*
WEBB'S NORMAL READER No. 3.....*By J. Russell Webb.*
WEBB'S NORMAL READER, No. 4.....*By J. Russell Webb.*
WEBB'S NORMAL READER, No. 5..... ...*By J Russell Webb.*

---

* A series of large cards to be used in connection with No. 1, where the class is large.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,

BY J. RUSSELL WEBB,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

EDUCATION DEPT.

PE 1117
W 493
1860
.ED-P

INDEX.

	Page
Introduction	5
The Five Essentials to Good Reading.	5
Position in Reading	6
Dictionary: its Importance and Use in Schools	8
Rules for Reading	12
The Nature and Object of Education	13
The Pet Lamb	16
The Value of Time	21
A Moment of Time	23
Anecdote of Washington	24
Dialogue on Physiognomy	26
Deal Gently with the Erring	29
The Town Pump	31
Pleasure is Cheap	35
The Two Brothers	36
It Snows	38
The Fool's Reproof	39
The Farmer and the Earl	40
I have lost my Fortune	41
Look Aloft	44
The Beef Lawsuit	45
Washington and the Poor Widow	47
I must do the Churning	52
To-day and To-morrow	54
Instinctive Knowledge in Birds	55
The Land of the Blest	59
Freak of a Hypochondriac	61
The Life-Clock	64
The Boy and the Man	65
The Three Black Crows	66
Edward and William, or True Friendship	68
The Gentleman	75
A Good Daughter	77
Let Home be made Happy	78
Mortality and Immortality	81
The Raindrop	83
Washington with his Mother for the last time	87
Mary, the Mother of Washington	89
Captain Hardy and Nathan	93
Early to Bed and Early to Rise	96
Excel	97
Elocution and Reading	98
The Mother's Influence in the Formation of Character	101
The Toll-Gate	102
Light Words	104
The Crown of the Hat	105
The Pleasure-Boat	107
Beware of Bad Books	110
The Sisters	112
Animals	115
Conscientiousness	117
All is Well	119
Auction Extraordinary	120
Leaving Home	121
Press On	125
The Lost Camel	127
Peter the Great	128
The Carrier Pigeon	129
The Cataract of Lodore	132
The Righteous Never Forsaken	134
Small Beginnings	137
Domestic Bliss	140
Harmony among Brothers	141
Description of the Person of Jesus Christ	144
The Blind Preacher	145
Trust in God	147
The Banker and the King	148
Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body	155
Power of Maternal Piety	158
Thoughts for Young Men	161
The Family Meeting	166
Shaking Hands	167
The Closing of the Year	171
Sinclair and the Doctor	174
True Wisdom	177
Destruction of the Philistines	178
The Grave of Aaron Burr	180
Death of Hamilton	182
The Spider and the Fly	184

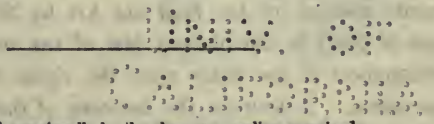
M69876

	Page
I would not live always	186
Appetite	188
To Mary in Heaven	190
The Pursuit of Happiness	191
Thrilling Incident	193
Go feel what I have felt	194
Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane	196
Woman at Home	197
A Friend	199
Columbus	201
The Wish	203
Address to Young Men	204
To My Mother in Heaven	206
Death of Cromwell	207
The Snow-Storm	209
Death of Washington	211
Niagara Falls	214
Death of Absalom	216
Colonel Isaac Haynes	220
The Right to Tax America	223
Afar in the Desert	224
Forest Trees	226
God's Ancient Sanctuaries	229
The Teacher's Profession	232
Friendship, Love, and Truth	234
Our Wondrous Atmosphere	235
Napoleon at Rest	237
Typography	238
Byron's Farewell to his Wife	243
Universal Education	244
The Venomous Worm	247
Self-Culture	250
Shylock, or the Pound of Flesh	253
Europe and America	257
Washington	261
The Temperate and Dissolute Man	263
The Temple of Knowledge	265
The Progress of Mind	269
Labor a Necessity and Duty	270
The Mind is the Standard of the Man	273
Passing Away	276
The Dignity of Human Nature	278
The Gambler's Wife	280
South Carolina	281
Massachusetts	283
Hymn of the Church-Yard	285
Speech of James Otis	287
Select Sentences	289
The Wife	292
Green-Wood Cemetery	297
Remarks made by Clay and Webster in the Senate of the United States, on the Death of Calhoun	300
An Address to Young Persons	302

INDEX TO MUSIC.

	Page
Leave us not	114
Sweet Home	124
The Snow-Storm	210
The Worm of the Still	248
The Child's Portrait	307
The Old Oaken Bucket	310
The Old Clock on the Stairs	311

INTRODUCTION.



[To be read occasionally by the class as a reading exercise.]

To read well, the following five particulars are essential, viz:

1. A FULL COMPREHENSION OF THE MATTER TO BE READ;
2. CORRECT POSITION OR ACTION;
3. KNOWLEDGE OF THE FORMS AND FORCE OF WORDS;
4. PERFECT CONTROL OVER THE VOICE; and
5. JUDGMENT.

The above essentials are fully expressed by one word—NATURE.

Who has not noticed complete exemplifications of this truth in unlettered persons while engaged in animated conversation? Look at children in their sports; listen to their tones;—is not Nature's voice distinctly heard? Do not the speech and manner accurately denote the feelings?

> Look Nature through, consult her as you will,
> And ever her reply is, "Nature still."

That there are many, very many poor readers is a lamentable fact; so notorious, indeed, is it, that we fear little dissent from the assertion that nine hundred and ninety-nine to the thousand are regarded as such. And why is this? Why are *good* readers

considered rare specimens of curious exotics? Simply, because such are not produced "at home," and are known *only by reputation!* And why are they not "home products" for general every-day utility? Because Art has assumed Nature's right, and either adulterated her efforts, or entirely usurped her power.

It is our object to restore and preserve the original design. Nature assisted by Art, (and not Art by Nature, or independent of her,) is the obvious law of the universe; and any infringement of the latter upon the rights of the former, is a usurpation. It destroys the harmony of the system: the recipients (Nature's offspring) strenuously protest against it, and submit only to long-continued force.

The violation of this law is also one of the great secrets of the quite general aversion to books, schools, &c., and of the no less general stupidity of mind. When will man learn to

> "Take Nature's path,
> And mad opinions leave?"

1st. To READ WELL, THE SUBJECT MUST BE THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD.

This is so nearly a self-evident truth that it needs no arguments to establish it; and referring to the preceding Numbers for our views as to its absolute necessity, we will pass to the

2d. CORRECT POSITION.

However well the reader may comprehend his subject, and however pleasing his tones, a graceful manner or position must be added, to produce any thing like its full effect. The *manner* of delivery is at least as important an agent in producing the desired result, as the *matter* delivered. So important is it, that it has always been considered, by the greatest orators, as *the essential* in oratory; and it is equally essential in reading, for *reading is simply* SPEAKING AT SIGHT.

Two positions will suffice as illustrations:

Wrong position. Right position.

A represents a position often seen in our schools. It is wrong for several reasons. It is awkward, offensive, obstructive, unhealthy, &c., &c. That it is awkward, any one can see. That it is offensive, our feelings bear witness, whenever we are compelled to behold it. That it is obstructive, the ear ever will declare, as long as it is treated to half-stifled, guttural sounds. That it is unhealthy, the experience of old practitioners, physical laws, and common sense alike assert.

B represents the correct position. It is in every respect the reverse of *A*. It is a *commanding* position, and never fails to secure the attention, and create pleasing emotions. It allows free exercise of the muscles of the chest; a full and natural inflation of the lungs; easy modification of the voice by the organs of speech; and of course, a full, distinct articulation and modulation. It is emphatically *the* reading position, and should always be taken in reading (at school.) The right hand hangs gracefully at the side, and is free to gesticulate, and turn pages, if necessary.

Every teacher will appreciate the importance of this position, in an elocutionary point of view; but it is not solely in this light that we urge it; as conducive to health we would have it observed. We know by sad experience the value of health, and we know that teachers are accountable, to a very great extent, for the loss of it by their pupils. We speak feelingly on this subject, having seen and felt the bitter fruits of their neglect. And we again entreat teachers to guard the health

of their pupils—to see that they have a plenty of *out*-door *exercise*, of *in*-door *pure air*, and that the position of the body is such as to allow their beneficial results.*

Please turn to No. 2, and read "*Note D*," page 24; also to No. 3, page 12. The practical improvement of these suggestions we can not too strongly urge.

3d. KNOWLEDGE OF WORDS AND THEIR MEANING.

This truth *is* "self-evident"—a word can not be pronounced till it is known: then of course there must be a familiarity with the looks or forms of words, to secure their ready pronunciation. As well might a blind *deaf man* assume to criticise an elocutionary effort, as for any one else, blind to the meaning of the words used, to attempt to make such effort. This former acquisition we have endeavored to secure in our previous Numbers, by arranging the words in *columns* for sight pronunciation. We dispense with this arrangement in this Number, believing the child so far advanced as to render it unnecessary; but we would strongly recommend (as a substitute better adapted to more advanced scholars) the occasional pronunciation of paragraphs, or even *pages*, commencing at the *bottom*, and proceeding from *right* to *left*, to the top.

The latter can only be acquired by close observation, aided by a *full, illustrated* DICTIONARY. The schoolboy's library can no more be complete without a *dictionary*, than his breakfast without FOOD. Some authors have offered a substitute in the form of a somewhat extended defining vocabulary, preceding the reading lessons; but this substitute can not be permanently received—

1st. Because there must be a limited number of words

* Great care should be taken not to allow the pupils to lean over their desks. It contracts the chest, and invariably, if persisted in, produces disease.

defined, and the definitions must be local, or the volume be increased to undue size; or else the number of books must be so much augmented as to be burdensome, not only inversely to the pockets of parents, but directly to CLASSIFICATION, and consequently, to the best interests of the school.

2d. Because, when carried to the fullest extent, it must fall infinitely below the absolute demands of the least inquiring minds: besides, its tendency is to restrain rather than to incite inquiry.

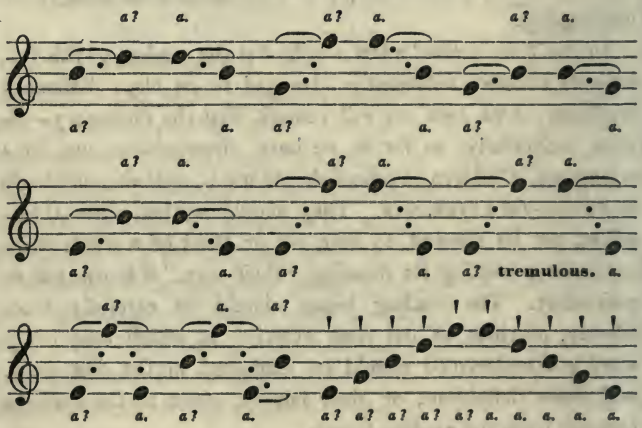
In No. 3 we defined a few words, but the readers of this volume we consider sufficiently advanced to be close dictionary students. And here we will remark, that the dictionary—almost universally, so far as we have observed—is put to a wrong use. Children at school should use it, as their parents do at home—*for* REFERENCE. They should neither allow themselves, nor be allowed, to *hear*, *see*, or *think of* a word, without at once making its meaning "their own," if it was not so previously. The reading lesson should be carefully read, silently, previous to the class exercise, at which time every word not understood should be examined in the dictionary, and these definitions, or their import, given at the *spelling* exercise from the *reading* lesson.

The pupil (and others might find it beneficial) should carry a memorandum book and pencil in his pocket, in which to note such difficult words as may occur to him, and at the first opportunity consult his "dictionary" with reference to them; or, which perhaps might be better, carry a "Pocket Dictionary."

4th. Perfect Control of the Voice.

The importance and difficulty of acquiring such control, will be more readily appreciated by recurring to a person learning to sing *"the scale;"* and a little reflection will develop alike the importance of speaking and singing intonations.*

By the following illustrations we hope to give a hint which, if improved, will aid in securing this object.



Note.—The *middle* line represents the ordinary tone of the voice; the *upper* line, the highest falsetto; the *lower* line, the lowest audible sound; and the intermediate lines and spaces, corresponding tones of the voice. From the higher to the lower tones, and *vice versa*, the slur is used as in music. The *dots* denote that the voice in going from one note to the other, does not skip the intermediate space, but that its ascent and descent are gradual.

The teacher, we apprehend, will readily perceive the object to be attained, and the application of the means (which we deem sufficient) offered to secure it.

* See No. 3, pages 5, 9, and 10.

5. JUDGMENT, OR THE PRACTICAL EXERCISE OF COMMON SENSE.

It is a mistaken idea that *infallible rules* can be given for reading. Just as well can they be given for conversation. What is true of one is true of the other; for *reading* is nothing but SIGHT-SPEAKING. Thoughts dictated by *paper*, require the same utterance, as when first dictated by *mind;* and any attempt to draw a distinction, seems entirely gratuitous. The *matter* and the *occasion* should determine the *manner*. This manner should be the same with or without the book. Nature herself will dictate what the manner should be, when the matter and the occasion are fully understood; and any studied, predetermined effort is awkward superfluity. No two persons converse on the same subject precisely alike,—no two persons *should read* on the same subject precisely alike. A successful attempt to square all by stereotyped rules is impossible, and it would be impracticable if it were possible. It would be much like an attempt to remold the human features, for the purpose of making all persons LOOK ALIKE! and would be attended with little less favorable practical results.

We are aware that this view will not meet the approbation of all, but we do believe that a little observation and reflection will secure for it the approbation of the "people;" and, with like preliminaries, we can not but expect the same from "*others.*"

There is one other attainment necessary, which (though dependent on, and almost inseparable from the five "specifics" already given) is not unworthy of mention here; viz., *the power of reading with the eye in advance of the voice.*

This is not a difficult acquirement, but one necessary to the correct pronunciation of sentences. The eye should be trained to read at least one or two lines ahead of the voice, so as to inform the mind of the nature of the reading, and allow it an opportunity to dictate the style.

RULES FOR READING.

Rule I.—THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND THE SUBJECT AND THE MATTER TO BE READ.

NOTE.—The observance of this rule is absolutely necessary to improvement. A *reading* lesson must be studied as honestly as any other lesson, or it may quite as well be dispensed with entirely. The aversion, almost universally manifested, to studying this lesson, is, we apprehend, more chargeable to the teacher than the pupil. We would recommend to the teacher, to have it understood by the school, that this lesson is to be studied the same as a lesson in History; and at the reading exercise, *previous to reading*, that the class be required to give the substance of the lesson.—(See Int. No. 2, page 9.)

Rule II.—TAKE AN EASY, GRACEFUL, AND DIGNIFIED POSITION.

NOTE.—Very much of the effect of reading depends on the appearance of the reader.—(See Practical Illustrations for the truth of this; and cut "*B*," to learn the correct standing position; and also No. 2, page 24, Note *D*.)

Rule III.—SPEAK EASILY, DISTINCTLY, ACCURATELY.—TALK FROM THE BOOK AS THOUGH WITHOUT IT.

NOTE.—"Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing *well*." This is emphatically true of reading. Let the reader remember this, and strictly adhere to this rule. If the power to do so is lost, let earnest and persevering effort be made to regain it.—(For directions, see the Introductions to this Series: especially No. 3, for correct articulation, and the means of securing it.)

WEBB'S

FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF EDUCATION.

1. In presenting this book to our young friends, we would ask their attention to a few remarks on the nature and object of education, and more especially to the relation reading bears to it.

2. If you have attentively perused the previous numbers, you will not be surprised to learn that it is our firm belief, that, TO BE A GOOD READER is a greater accomplishment—one that imparts more real pleasure and secures a more extensive influence, than any other our schools are capable of bestowing.

3. If your time is so limited as to render it impossible to become a good reader, and also proficient in geography, history, arithmetic, &c., by all means *become a* GOOD READER. The reasons for this advice are partially stated in the preceding paragraph.

4. A poor reader has a dislike for reading, and seldom occupies his leisure moments in this employment, unless, perhaps, it may be in the perusal of such works as *please the* FANCY rather than *enlighten the* UNDERSTANDING; while, on the contrary, every leisure moment of the good reader is not only occupied by it, but with works of an opposite character;—such as produce *rational* enjoyment—mental elevation. The mind of the

former is enervated, while that of the latter is strengthened and expanded.

5. And what is the final result? One is ignorant of passed and passing events: the other knows the world as it is and was. This instructs society: that is instructed by it. One is use*ful*: the other is use*less*; and society rewards them accordingly. It esteems and honors one: it is content to leave the other—a blank.

6. It is impossible for a *good* reader to be an ignorant man: he *will read*—he *will* LEARN; and it is almost as impossible for a *poor* reader to be a *learned* man.

7. Notwithstanding, under proper direction, by nature all are good readers, for some cause, most persons at your age are far otherwise; and effort, long and constant effort, is required to attain to this distinction. This effort you must make, or be useless members of society.

8. We have endeavored to place within your hands the means of securing this desideratum. If you are disposed to benefit by our efforts, a careful perusal of the several introductions will teach you how:—if you are not, nothing we can add here can induce this disposition.

9. There is no royal passage to learning nor to fame. "Whoever is wise is wise for himself," and to gain WISDOM requires STUDY. You are in school for this purpose, and if by negligence you fail to gain it, you commit a sin, which, however merciful God may be to erring man, we fear he will not forgive, and the consequence you alone must bear.

10. Education is not book knowledge; nor, indeed, is it any other knowledge, unless it be that which enables us, of ourselves, to obtain more. Practically considered and developed, "Education is that process by which the powers and faculties of an individual are

duly and harmoniously developed and disciplined, in which he acquires a thorough practical knowledge of individual, social, and political duties; and an ability and *disposition to perform* them fully, accurately, and promptly."

11. Such is education. It is as much its office to teach how to plow and to sow, to reap and to mow, or to perform any other necessary labor, as it is to teach Greek and Latin, French and Spanish,—to write poetry, or play the piano; and, indeed, it is even more; for the more *useful* the occupation, the stronger the claims to its aid.

12. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." No one's education can be complete till he can *govern himself;* and when he can govern HIMSELF, he is a fit person to govern the WORLD. Would you gain this high qualification,—the means are within your reach, and God will reward your efforts; but if you neglect them, and grow up in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation—KNOW that for all these things, GOD will bring you to JUDGMENT.

---

3. Pro fi′ cient (pro fish′ ent), *far advanced in knowledge.*

4. E nerv′ ā ted, *weakened; without force or power to act.*

8. De sid er a′ tum, *that which is desired.* In dūce′, *to lead or influence by persuasion.*

NOTE.—The figures before the words defined denote the paragraphs from which they are respectively taken. We deem it best to append but few words, and those such as rarely occur or whose pronunciation might be mistaken. Our reasons for this are in part given in the Introduction, to which we respectfully request the teacher to refer, earnestly hoping the suggestions in relation to the importance and use of the dictionary, and the pronunciation of sentences from right to left, will, as far as possible, be complied with. We consider no other part of a child's (book) education so important as this; and every one must know, that TO READ WELL the words and subject MUST BE KNOWN.

LESSON II.

THE PET LAMB.

1. Every one who has been at Aylesbury, has heard the story of the Pet Lamb. Many summers ago, a sweet little blue-eyed girl was seen each morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, sporting in the meadow, along the brook that runs between the village and the river, with the only companion in which she appeared to take delight,—a beautiful snow-white lamb.

2. It was the gift of a deceased sister; and the little girl was now an orphan. Her family had been wealthy and respectable in early life, when they resided in Philadelphia; but her father, having met with some severe losses in trade, went to try his fortune in the East Indies. and the first news the family received afterward, was of his decease in Java.

3. They were destitute, and being driven from the city by the breaking out of a malignant disease, were thrown by chance into the residence of a venerable old lady, who, having buried the mother and sister, came up to Aylesbury to spend her remaining days with her only charge, this engaging orphan.

4. Thus left, early in life, no wonder, poor girl, that she loved her little lamb, the only living token of a sister's affection, for that sister's sake; no wonder that all the affections of her innocent heart should cling to the last treasure left to her desolate youth, and grow fresher and fresher, as the grass grew greener over the sod that pressed the ashes of her kindred friends.

5. The little creature was perfectly tame, and would follow its young mistress, when permitted, through the village, and wherever she went; and when she came

to the village school, it would run after her, and lie down on the green in the shade of the trees, until she was ready to return home with it.

6. She washed its soft fleece, and fed it with her own hands every day; and so faithful was she, in her attention to her pretty favorite, that the villagers all loved her, and many a warm hope was expressed, that she, like that helpless lamb, might find a fond and devoted protector, when the friend who was now her foster mother, and who was fast wasting away beneath the weight of years, should go down to the tomb, and leave her, young and inexperienced, in a world of selfishness and vice.

7. During the time her kind patron lived, Clarissa was treated as a daughter. Contiguous to their dwelling was the residence of a well-living farmer, whose son used frequently to climb over the stile into the meadow, to see Clarissa and her lamb; and in process of time their young hearts became knit together by a tie, more tender than that which binds a brother to a sister.

8. But when the old lady died, her will fell into the hands of rogues, who destroyed it, and succeeded in getting possession of the property.

9. This was the death-blow to Clarissa's hopes. The intercourse between her and Charles was broken off instantly by his father. He was sent to a medical school at a distance; and she was forced to go out to service in families, who had before prided themselves on her acquaintance.

10. It was a bitter fortune, but she bore it with heroic fortitude at first, for still she received, through a private channel, frequent and affectionate letters from her brother Charles, as she called the young companion of her brighter fortunes, and still she had her little favorite lamb.

11. But at last this secret correspondence was discovered and broken off; all possibility of further intercourse was prevented; and last of all, they took from her, her only remaining friend and favorite, the memorial of a departed sister's love, her pet lamb.

12. She tried, by every means within her power, to prevent the separation, but in vain. The only privilege granted her was to have her name, "Clarissa Beaumont, Aylesbury," marked on its fleece, in beautiful gold letters; and then she kissed it for the last time, and saw it delivered to a drover, who was proceeding with a large flock to the city.

13. For a time the deserted and unfortunate girl gave herself up to the destroying influence of a melancholy spirit. Sickness and sorrow preyed upon her delicate frame. She was no longer the gay and sportive belle of the village, attracting the admiration of all.

14. Often, at the parties of her former associates, she now stood, a poor unnoticed servant; and she felt how bitter a portion was cheerless poverty, when it invades and takes possession of hearts, once rich and happy.

15. She felt with how much meanness and littleness of spirit, the proud delight to trample, when they can, on every thing of virtue, or beauty, or loveliness, that is superior to their own. She felt how treacherous was hope; how vain the promises of youth; how vanishing the friendships of an interested and selfish world.

16. But in process of time, her native strength of mind, and that "untaught, innate philosophy," unknown to the low and vulgar, triumphed even over misfortunes.

17. She resolved, that since it was the will of Heaven to allot her the humblest sphere in life, she would strive the better to improve her narrow privileges, and to resign herself to her fate, without one rebellious murmur.

She did so. But still she often shed a tear over the memory of her lost pet lamb.

18. We must now beg pardon of our Aylesbury friends, while we go, with the reader, on a trip to Philadelphia. On the extensive commons toward the Schuylkill, a large collection of cattle was exhibited by a company of traders; and, as the sight was a fine one, many persons from the city came out to see it.

19. Among the crowd was a gentleman, whose demeanor and features bore the marks of deep and fixed sorrow. He walked slowly along, surveying with half-downcast eyes, the moving, bustling group; his hands behind him, and his rich dress hanging carelessly about him.

20. As he cast his eye over the passing flocks, he saw a lamb, with the name of "Clarissa Beaumont" on its neck; and suddenly arousing, as from a lethargy, he rushed into the flock and seized it; he was not mistaken in the name; and when he inquired about its history, and was told that it came from Aylesbury, he purchased it and had it conveyed to town.

21. His conduct, which was wholly inexplicable to the bystanders, who crowded around him at the time, was not rendered the less so, to those who knew that the next day he set out in company with the lamb he had purchased, for the interior of Pennsylvania.

22. It was a holiday among the young people at Aylesbury, on account of the anniversary of the birth of the eldest daughter of the lady who kept the inn; and a large party was assembled around the tea-table, in the afternoon, in the full flow of hilarity and mirth.

23. Poor Clarissa Beaumont, the prettiest of them all, was there, not as a companion, but as a servant; the butt of every vulgar jeer; secretly scorned, and openly insulted by those who were jealous of her superior in-

tellect, beauty, and grace of manners. She was exposed to a hundred impertinent liberties, from those who had once courted her favor, and grown proud on receiving a smile from her sweet lips.

24. She was still treasuring up the bitter lesson, that love, and friendship, and respect, are too often mere dependents on the breath of fortune, when a beautiful carriage, drawn by two noble bays, stopped at the door of the inn.

25. The attention of the company was arrested; all were at the windows; and lo! an old gentleman stepped from the carriage, and his servant handed out Clarissa Beaumont's pet lamb.

26. The astonished girl flew out to embrace it; but before she could clasp its neck, the arms of the noble stranger encircled her: it was her father!

27. The report of his death in the Indies was unfounded. He had returned within a month to Philadelphia, with an ample fortune; and after having been led to suppose that all his family were deceased, this accident brought him to new life and joy, in the recovery of a darling child, the image of an idolized wife, and the last pledge of her fervent love.

28. The scene that followed may be imagined. Clarissa was again the belle of the village. But she treated the fulsome fawnings and congratulations of her old acquaintances with as little attention now, as she had their scoffs before. Her father took her, in a few days, to Philadelphia, where she lived in the bosom of luxury and splendor; yet still she continued to be as kind, as amiable, and as lovely, as she had ever been.

29. And even then, true to her early affections, she did not forget her faithful Charles, whose heart had never changed through all his father's persecutions, and her humiliation. But when his father lost his estate, and his

family was reduced by misfortunes to abject want, she married him, and restored them all to plenty and happiness.

LESSON III.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

1. The value of time may be calculated and enforced by the mean duration of human life. In this country, at least in the large cities, about one-half of the rational and accountable creation die under four years of age; and perhaps, were the calculation to be universally extended, upon the average, thirty years' existence to each would equal, if not exceed, the life of the individual.

2. From these thirty, ten years may be deducted for childhood; during which period few rational pleasures are cultivated. This reduces the possession of time to twenty years; and, if we allow one-half to sleep and sickness, we shall then have ten years left for intellectual improvement and general happiness.

3. Is this the average portion of active existence allowed to man? and is this the being that is complaining of the tediousness of life, and the slow flight of time? that is continually seeking some new diversion, some fashionable amusement, to consume his time? and, when his time is consumed, bitterly complaining of the brevity of life, yet very rarely reflecting on its uncertainty? Alas! for the inconsistency of my fellow-creatures! alas! for my own!

4. The fact affords us an important lesson, which can not be expressed with more point than the Wise Man's

inference from the same premises: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might.*"

It suggests the necessity of using

5. I. *Diligence in acquiring Useful Knowledge.*—Have you yet a few years before you commence the anxieties of life on your own account? How are you improving their fleeting, precious moments? Are you wasting any of them?

6. II. *Diligence in Business.*—Are you the possessor of only ten years of life, and those perhaps half spent, and do you stand idling in the market-place—the very center of activity? But little need be said here; an idler is universally despised.

7. III. *Economy of Time.*—Are you the possessor of only ten years, and those, it may be, nearly exhausted, and are you seeking expedients to kill time? Alas! go on with your reduction, and from these ten years deduct those lost by negligence, or wasted in idleness, or murdered by vice, and what is the final result?

8. IV. This reflection suggests *Energy in Benevolence.* Look around on your fellow-men: you mean to do a great deal of good, but you are hesitating, considering, calculating, what you shall do; and while you are thus hesitating, the poor and distressed are starving, sickening, dying!—dying in ignorance, misery, and vice.

9. But, have you already far outlived this calculation, and do you see many probable years of existence still before you? Be it so: sit down then, with pen in hand, and calculate: how many years have you employed in your proper sphere of duty? how many years or days have you filled up in acts of beneficence to man, justice to yourself, or devotion to your Maker? Farewell, reader; pursue these inquiries alone; "take thy bill, and sit down quietly, and write," and may *conscience* do its office!

LESSON IV.

A MOMENT OF TIME.

1. Time once lost can never be regained. The moment that is lost, is lost forever. Think not it is of little value, that more will come. It may be so, and it may not. There will be a time when the last moment has fled.

2. In life there is no stationary point. Advance or retreat is stamped on man; and, as the index on the dial-plate tells the moments past, if we are no wiser, no better, no happier, so surely we are more ignorant, more depraved, more miserable!

3. Think not then a moment wasted, time merely lost. The wheel is reversed, and you are less a man than you were a moment before. Effort must be made to regain your former position, and thus double the time idled away is gone—gone to meet you only at the judgment-day! And yet how many moments of man's short life are wasted!

4. There is scarcely a person who does not waste, at least, an hour every day. This whole hour is lost by piece-meals. A moment here, a moment there, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," hesitation, and inaction, and laboring for that which "satisfieth not;" and thus, ere we are aware, much time is past—a *blank* before its God.

5. But the school-boy, how many moments does *he* idle away! What a large share of *his* time is lost! A school day consists, generally, of six hours; a school week of five days; a school month of four weeks, and a school year of ten months.

6. Now, what is the result of a little calculation? Simply this, that in every thirty years, seven whole

school years are gone! and not only are the *seven* years gone, but each has taken a companion, and FOURTEEN YEARS in THIRTY—who shall give their account?

7. This is the result of letting ONE HOUR A DAY RUN TO WASTE. If we add to this but four minutes more per day, it will be found that at the age of SIXTY years you have lived only—THIRTY! Is the life of man too long to endure? and must he, when half his course is run, thus ignobly end his race? For what was he made? Has he no duties to perform? Alas! for my fellow-man! How consistent, yet, oh! how *in*-consistent, are all thy ways!

8. The average age of man is about thirty years. Deduct the time necessary to prepare for the active duties of life, and what is left? At most but *ten* short years! and the half of this must *run to waste!* Oh, deluded man, how long ere thou wilt learn to value the gifts of thy Maker! How long ere thou wilt improve the passing moments—"live while you live," and *so* live as to go down to thy grave fully ripe, prepared for the peaceful harvest and rich reward of thy Father in Heaven!

J. RUSSELL.

LESSON V.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

1. IN 1780, while the American army was stationed at West Point, Mr. C. S. was one of the contractors for supplying fresh provisions. At several times, when the high price of cattle threatened to make the fulfillment of the terms of the contract not quite so lucrative as it was by him originally calculated, he failed to furnish the requisite supply.

2. Whenever this failure occurred, he sent to the quarter-master of each regiment a certificate, specifying that there was due to such a regiment so many rations of beef. These certificates did pretty well for awhile, and the privation was borne with characteristic patience by a soldiery accustomed to hardships, and ready to endure any thing in the cause of liberty and their country.

3. But even patience has its limits: the cause of the omission became understood, and dissatisfaction manifested itself throughout the ranks. Remonstrances from the subordinate officers had been recently made, and promises of amendment repeatedly given, until at last, finding that nothing but promises came, it was found necessary to complain to the commander-in-chief.

4. Washington, after hearing the story, gave immediate orders for the arrest of Mr. C. S. Upon being brought into the army, and placed under guard, the officer having him in charge waited upon the General, to apprise him of the fact, and to inquire in what way, and by whom, the prisoner was to be fed? "Give yourself no trouble, sir," said Washington; "the gentleman will be supplied from my table."

5. The several hours of breakfast, dinner, and supper passed, but not a mouthful was furnished to the delinquent prisoner. On the ensuing day, at an early hour in the morning, a waiter in the livery of the General, was seen bearing upon a silver salver all the seeming requisites for a meal, carefully covered, and wending his way to the prisoner's room.

6. Upon raising the cover, besides the apparatus for breakfast, there was found nothing more than a certificate that there was due to Mr. C. S. one breakfast, one dinner, and one supper, and signed "G. Washington."

7. After the lapse of a reasonable time, the delinquent

was conveyed to head-quarters, when Washington, in his peculiar significant and emphatic way, addressed him with—

8. "Well, Mr. S., I presume, by this time, you are perfectly convinced how inadequate to satisfy the cravings of hunger is the certificate of a meal. I trust, after this, you will furnish no further occasion for complaint." Then, inviting Mr. S. to share in the meal to which he was just sitting down, he improved the lesson by some friendly admonition, and gave orders for his discharge.

LESSON VI.

DIALOGUE ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Frank. It appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging people by their looks. I profess to know as much about man at the first view, as by a half dozen years' acquaintance.

Henry. Pray, how is that done? I should like to learn the art.

F. Did you ever read Lavater on Physiognomy?

H. No. What do you mean by that hard word?

F. Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters by their looks. For instance: if you see a man with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza, with a pair of eyebrows heavy like the cornice of a house, with full eyes and a Roman nose,—depend on it, he is a great scholar and an honest man.

H. It seems to me that I should rather go below his nose to discover his scholarship.

F. By no means. If you look for beauty you may descend to the mouth and chin; otherwise, never go below the region of the brain.

(*Enter George.*)

George. Well, I have just been to see the man hanged, and, Frank, he has gone to the other world with just such a great forehead and Roman nose as you have always been praising.

F. Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

G. Now be honest, Frank, and own that there is nothing in all this science of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commits burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

F. I do not carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all the faces in the world are different; and it is equally true that each has some marks about it, by which one can discover the temper and character of the person.

(*Enter Peter.*)

Peter, (*to Frank.*) Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Beersheba,—that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you without the ceremony of an introduction.

F. Why, indeed, I profess something in that way.

P. By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

F. I see that *you* are not ignorant of physiognomy.

P. I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that unless the features are very remarkable, I can not determine with certainty. But yours is the most striking face I ever saw. There is a certain firmness in the lines which lead from the outer

verge to the center of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

F. You are a perfect master of the art. And to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe, that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth, and honesty. Your heart is a stranger to guile, your lips to deceit, and your hands to fraud.

P. I must confess that you have hit upon my true character, though a different one from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

F. (*To Henry and George.*) Now see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. (*While he is saying this, Peter takes out his pocket-book and makes off with himself.*) Now, can you conceive, that, without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger?

H. Pray, tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart there is no guile, and in his hands no fraud?

F. Ay, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our secrets. But I will show you a face and character which exactly suit him. (*Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets, looks wild and concerned.*)

G. (*Tauntingly.*) Ay, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy!"

F. He is a wretch! a traitor against every good sign! I will pursue him to the ends of the earth. (*Offers to go.*)

H. Stop a moment. His firm, honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

F. What is that? I had no watch for him to steal.

H. By his deceitful lips he has robbed you of any just conception of yourself. He has betrayed you into

a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy you have no more claim to genius or learning than a common school-boy. Learn henceforth to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips by their words, and their hearts by their lives.

(*John, who had been a silent listener and observer till now, speaks.*)

John. Gentlemen, you are all right and all wrong. Your ideas are contracted and set. You, Frank, have made too great a hobby of your science You have depended on that *alone*, when it can be trusted only in company with its sister sciences, phrenology and physiology. These three go hand in hand. And a thorough knowledge, gentlemen, of these sciences, will give you the *true* key to the "hearts, thoughts, and characters" of men.

LESSON VII.

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE ERRING.

1. A MAN possesses an extremely low and groveling mind, who rejoices at the downfall of another. A noble heart, instead of denouncing as a consummate scoundrel, one who has erred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and the arms of love, and labor to bring him back to duty and to God.

2. We are not our own keepers.—Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth a right hand and sin? Heaven keeps us in the narrow path. But, if we should fall, where would be the end of our

course, if in every face we saw a frown, and on every brow we read vengeance?

3. Deeper and deeper would we descend in the path of infamy; when, if a different course were pursued, and if a different spirit were manifested toward us, we might have stayed our career of sin, and died an upright and honest man.

4. Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this, and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the confines of the grave an erring brother.

5. Chide mildly the erring!
Kind language endears:
Grief follows the sinful—
Add not to their tears.

6. Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow,—
The heart that is stricken
Needs never a blow.

7. Chide mildly the erring!
Jeer not at their fall:
If strength were but human,
How weakly were all!

8. What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way!

9. Chide mildly the erring!
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal,—
They need not despair.

10. We all have some frailty—
We all are unwise—
And the grace which redeems us,
Must come from the skies!

LESSON VIII.

THE TOWN PUMP.

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I

am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the public square, on a muster-day, I cry aloud to all, and in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice, Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam! better than Cogniac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

5. It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupfull, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly fish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam, in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life: take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.

10. Well, well, sir; no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two

yoke of oxen, who have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now, they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

14. The Town Pump and the Cow. Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then, Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart, and die. Then, Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

15. Then, there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their

dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope!

16. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. But still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold with certainty and joy the approach of the period, when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our fathers' days, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all. HAWTHORNE.

LESSON IX.

PLEASURE IS CHEAP.

1. DID you ever study the cheapness of pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make the multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, and a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along —give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for an hour. A poor widow lives in our neighborhood, who is the owner of half a dozen children; send in half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy.

2. A child has lost his arrow—all the world to him —and he mourns sadly; help him find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his task, and works away without minding it.

3. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or he has "left an out," or "pied a stickful;" say, "You scoundrel!" and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry—try to do better," and he will be cheerful and endeavor to do so.

4. You employ a man: pay him cheerfully and speak a pleasant word to him: he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet many a familiar face; say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

5. Pleasure is cheap; who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them hermetically in our hearts. No! Rather, let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the vicious virtuous, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

---

5. Her met' i cal ly, *closely.*

LESSON X.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

1. The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob."

2. The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by

two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

3. The harvest soon arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made two equal stacks of them, and laid them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. "My brother," said he to himself, "has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his."

4. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as though he had been committing an evil action, so that his brotherly offering might not be refused.

5. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labor, nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness.

6. "If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increase." The project was approved, and immediately put into execution.

7. In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and were much surprised at seeing the stacks equal. During several successive nights the same performance was repeated on both sides: each kept adding to his brother's store; and on each successive morning

both were surprised to find that the stacks remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentry to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for having so good a brother.

8. Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of God.

---

1. Lē' gend, *a fable.* 7. E lū' ci dat ed, *explained.*

LESSON XI.

IT SNOWS.

1. "It snows!" cries the schoolboy—"hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow:
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While wealth and the riches of nature are theirs.

2. "It snows!" cries the traveler—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—

Ay, though leagues intervene, he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babe on her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

3. "It snows!" cries the belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From the mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball;
There are visions of conquests, of splendor and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter day;
But the tidings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

4. "It snows!" cries the widow—"Oh, God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
As she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!

MRS. S. J. HALE.

LESSON XII.

THE FOOL'S REPROOF.

1. THERE was a certain nobleman, says Bishop Hall, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it, till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself.

2. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, and did not expect to live. The fool came to see him. His sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you."

3. "And whither are you going?"—"Into another world."—"And when will you come again? Within a month?"—"No."—"Within a year?"—"No."—"When then?"—"Never."

4. "Never!" said the fool; "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?"—"None at all."—"No? none at all? Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

LESSON XIII.

THE FARMER AND THE EARL.

1. A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where the earl's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

2. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am well aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury. If you will procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

3. The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop was so much injured, fifty pounds

would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

4. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the wheat was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

5. His lordship instantly recollected the circumstances. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

6. "Yes, my lord; I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the hounds had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising; and I have, therefore, brought the fifty pounds back again."

7. "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "that is what I like; this is what ought to be between man and man." He then went into another room, and, returning, presented the farmer a check for one hundred pounds.

8. "Take care of this," said he, "and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

9. We know not which we ought most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

LESSON XIV.

I HAVE LOST MY FORTUNE.

1. It is important that young females should possess some employment by which they may obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of

supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful it is to see the mother desponding, or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer!

2. "I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing I can call my own."

3. "Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

4. "Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

5. "What can you do, poor things?" said he.

6. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work, and make you rich again."

7. "I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

8. The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

9. They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion shed no tear. "Pay every debt," says she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

10. He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of

ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured, as she had been, in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

11. The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children in their lessons. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

12. They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they platted straw, painted maps, and executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

13. "I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

14. "And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

15. "We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

16. "Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

17. Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing was wasted; nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

18. The little dwelling, which had always been kept

neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, on a summer evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

19. "We are now thriving and prosperous," said the father; "do you wish to return to the city?"

20. "O, no," was the unanimous reply.

21. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

22. "Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you will not be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

---

10. Ef fi' cien cy, *power of producing effects.*
12. Bou quet' (boo kā), *a bunch of flowers.*
12. Plat' ted, *interwoven.*

LESSON XV.

LOOK ALOFT.

These lines are founded upon an anecdote of a boy, who was climbing the ropes of a ship, when he became giddy. An old sailor, seeing his difficulty, called out, "Look aloft! look aloft!" The boy did so, and found his giddiness depart.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,—
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

4. Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,—
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5. And O, when Death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,—
In that moment of darkness, with hope in the heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart!

J. LAWRENCE.

LESSON XVI.

THE BEEF LAWSUIT.

1. DURING the distress of the American army, caused by the invasion of Cornwallis and Philips in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissioner, took two steers for the use of the troops from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause.

2. The act was not strictly legal; and after the war had closed, Hook, by the advice of one Mr. Cowan, a lawyer of some distinction, thought proper to bring an action for trespass against Mr. Venable.

3. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant; and he is said to have contributed much to the enjoyment of his hearers. At one time, he excited their indignation against Hook, and vengeance was visible in every countenance: again, when he chose to ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

4. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the cold of a winter sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," said he, "who had an American bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to receive with outspread arms the meanest soldier in that little band of starving patriots? Where is the man?

5. "There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury by the power of his imagination to the plains of Yorktown; the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of.

6. He painted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence. The audience saw before their eyes the humbled and dejected British as they marched out of their trenches: they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face: they heard the shout of "Victory!" the cry of "Washington and liberty!" as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was re-echoed from the hills, and from the shores of the neighboring river.

7. "But hark!" continued Henry, "what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, Beef! beef! beef!"

8. The court was convulsed with laughter: the jury retired, and we need scarcely say, John Hook lost his cause.

LESSON XVII.

WASHINGTON AND THE POOR WIDOW.

1. "It must be, my child," said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you can not, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few dimes, and perhaps, by the time that is gone, I may be better. Go, Henry, my dear. I grieve to send you on such an errand; but it must be done."

2. The boy—a noble-looking little fellow of about ten years—started up, and, after throwing his arms around his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to burst without it.

3. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk he looked first at one person, and then at another, as they passed him; but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster resolution to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks; but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for, although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

4. Everybody seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when, at last, he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and had a pleasant countenance. When Henry looked at him, he felt all his fears vanish at once, and instantly approached him.

5. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red, and swollen, and his voice trembled; but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped; and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep blush which spread over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones, which accompanied his petition.

6. "You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread," said he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "what has driven you to this step?"

7. "Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh,—"indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now."

8. "Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

9. "My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondsman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live long after this loss, and in one month he died of grief; and his death was more dreadful than any of our troubles. My mother, my little brother, and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty.

10. "My mother has, until now, managed to support

herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shoveling snow, and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, she was taken very sick, and has since become so much worse that I fear she will die. I can not think of any way in the world to help her.

11. "I have had no work for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she has come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame, and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

12. The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

13. "Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he, in a husky voice: "is it far from here?"

14. "She lives in the last house on this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left-hand side."

15. "Have you sent for a physician?"

16. "No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money, to pay either for a physician or for medicine."

17. "Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket,—"here are three dollars; take them, and run immediately for a physician."

18. Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude: he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice; but with a look of the warmest gratitude, he vanished.

19. The benevolent stranger instantly sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of

female labor, a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed, which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak, and almost exhausted; and on the bed, at her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

20. Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and, feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure.

21. "I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged, if—"

22. Here emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

23. "Do not despair," said the stranger; "think only of recovery, and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

24. The poor widow took a little prayer-book from the hands of a child who sat with her on the bed, and, tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other," said she; "but perhaps this will do."

25. The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

26 "This prescription," said he, "you will find of

great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

27. He laid the paper on the table, and departed. Scarcely was he gone when the elder son returned.

28. "Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside, and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, now, dear mother, and take courage."

29. "Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O, may He watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a compassion and kindness that were a balm in my heart. When he went away, he left that prescription on the table: see if you can read it."

30. Henry glanced at the paper, and started back. He took it up, and, as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

31. "What is it, my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension of—she knew not what.

32. "Ah! read, dear mother! God has heard us."

33. The mother took the paper from the hands of her son; but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than, "My God!" she exclaimed, "it is Washington!" and fell back fainting on her pillow.

34. The writing was an obligation from Washington —for it was indeed he—by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

35. Meanwhile, the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting

fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse, with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

36. The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant employment; and her sons, when they arrived at the proper age, were placed in respectable situations, where they were able to support themselves, and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

37. Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but is only one of the thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him as one of the best of men.

LESSON XVIII.

I MUST DO THE CHURNING.

1. I NEVER undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever was. Just after we were married, and all was going nice and cozy, she got me into a habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know; but then she—why it was done just in this way.

2. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I could not help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly enough,

and churned till the butter came. She did not thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid.

3. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing; and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so; and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by-and-by, this began to be rather irksome: I wished she should just ask me; but she never did, and I could not say any thing about it, to save my life; and so on we went.

4. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time, unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I rose up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance to ask me, put on my hat, and walked out door. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me; but not a word did she say; and so, with a palpitating heart, I moved on.

5. I went down town, up town, and all over town; and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong: I did not exactly know what; but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner-time never would come; and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have had my ears taken off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner-hour came.

6. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny: life or death. I could not make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Well, will you believe it? She never greeted me with a sweeter smile; never had a

better dinner for me than on that day: but there stood the churn, just where I left it!

7. Not a word was said: I felt very much cut up, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She did not pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn, and went at it just in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, splash: I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming. I supposed that the cream, standing so long, had become warm; and so I redoubled my efforts.

8. Obstinate matter! the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last, from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time: "Come, my dear, you have rattled that BUTTERMILK quite long enough, if it is only for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash. She brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing, with the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with. I never set up for myself in household matters, after that.

LESSON XIX.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

1. DON'T tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we *act*, and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late!

2. Don't tell me of to-morrow!
   There's much to *do* to-day,
That ne'er can be accomplished,
   If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty:
   Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow,
   What *to-day* can do as well?

3. Don't tell me of to-morrow!
   Let us look upon the past:
How much there is we've left undone,
   Will be undone at last!
To-day—it is the *only* time
   For all on this frail earth:
It takes an *age* to form a life—
   A *moment* gives it birth!

J. E. Carpenter.

LESSON XX.

INSTINCTIVE KNOWLEDGE IN BIRDS.

1. One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds was related to me by an eye-witness. He was attracted to the door, one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird that had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements: but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree.

2. Marvelous stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. The popular belief was, that the

serpent charmed the bird by looking steadily at it; and that such a sympathy was thereby established, that, if the snake were struck, the bird felt the blow, and writhed under it.

3. These traditions excited curiosity, and he resolved to watch the progress, and await the result. The distressed bird, meanwhile, continued her rapid movements and troubled cries: and he soon discovered that she went to and came continually, with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a *white-ash.*

4. The snake wound its way up; but the instant its head came near the nest, its fold relaxed, and it fell to the ground rigid, and apparently lifeless. After the man had made sure of its death, by cutting off its head, he mounted the tree, to examine into the mystery. Here he found a snug little nest filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white-ash!

5. That little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white-ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white-ash leaves about their ankles, as a protection against rattlesnakes.

6. I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white-ash: but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees around their log-houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to become suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions. After a while, they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

7. Last spring, two barn swallows came into our wood-shed. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building spot; but, as a carpenter's bench was under the win-

dow, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof.

8. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent much time in watching them. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love: the mother bird was so busy and so important, and her mate was so attentive! He scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love.

9. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day, my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling around with a large, downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

10. During the process of incubation, he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day, he would, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever the cat or dog came about the premises. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

11. But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their maneuvers! Such chirping and twittering! such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! such wheel-

ing around in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

12. For three days, all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying-school. But all their talking and twittering was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the infinity of space, sank down into the nest again.

13. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chattered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

14. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, "It is pretty sport, but we can not do it."

15. Three times the neighbors came in, and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered, and hopped, till they alighted on a small upright log. And O, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! the air was filled with their joy!

16. Some were flying around swiftly; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party!

17. The whole family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count, that none were missing.

18. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes alighted on chairs and tables.

19. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was painful to me to think that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.

---

3. Tra di′ tion, *that which is handed down from age to age.*

10. In cu bā′ tion, *act of sitting* on, as *eggs.* Ma tern′ al, *motherly.*

11. Ver′ i est, *firmest.* Mis′ an thrope, *a hater of mankind.* Ma neū′ ver, *skillful management.* Fledg′ ling, *a young bird.*

16. Pend′ ent, *hanging.*

LESSON XXI.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

Child.

1. Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain;
Has she sought some far country, her health to regain?
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some sunny land, where the soft breezes blow?

Father.

2. Yes, yes, gentle daughter, thy loved mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,—
There is health, there is peace in the land of the blest.

Child.

3. Is that land, dear father, more lovely than ours?
Are the rivers more clear, or more blooming the flowers?
Does summer shine over it all the year long?
Is it cheered by the glad sound of music and song?

Father.

4. Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright;
And by sweet voices sweet hymns are addressed
To the Lord, who reigns over the land of the blest.

Child.

5. Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear;
She shrank from the glance of the stranger while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me.

Father.

6. My daughter, thy mother delighted to gaze
On the long-severed friends of her earliest days;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the land of the blest.

Child.

7. How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss!
That land must be surely more happy than this:
On you, my kind father, the journey depends;
Let us go to my mother, her kindred, and friends.

Father.

8. Not on me, love: I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time;
And must strive, while awaiting His gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the land of the blest.

9. Yet fear not; the God whose direction we crave
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save;
And His hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother—THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

Tune—Oaken Bucket. MRS. ABDY.

LESSON XXII.

FREAK OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

1. SOME hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another: some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town-clocks: one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But perhaps none of this class ever matched, in extravagance, a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

2. This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead—actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bedside, where he found him stretched at full length, with his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks ghastly.

3. "Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do!" replied the man,

faintly. "A pretty question to ask a dead man!" "Dead!" exclaimed the doctor. "Yes, sir; dead—quite dead: I died last night about twelve o'clock."

4. Dr. Stevenson, putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed, in a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man is dead, sure enough: it is all over with him, and the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering that she must not be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called the servant.

5. "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put into the ground the better. Run to the undertaker's, and get a coffin: and, do you hear? bring a coffin of the largest size; for your master makes a stout corpse; and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

6. Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body into the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided, and let into the secret, started with the poor man for the church-yard.

7. They had not gone far before they were met by one of the townspeople, who having been properly drilled by Doctor Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

8. "Poor Mr. B.," sighed the doctor, "left us last night.'

9. "Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other: "he was a bad man."

10. Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question: "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

11. "Poor Mr. B.," answered the doctor, "is dead."

12. "Ah! indeed!" said the other. "And so he has gone to meet his deserts, at last!"

13. "Oh, villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

14. Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question: "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

15. "Poor Mr. B.," he replied, "is gone."

16. "Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other: "for if he is not gone there, I do not know who should."

17. Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming: "O, you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I! Well, I have come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are."

18. A chase was immediately commenced by the dead man after the living, to the consternation of many of the spectators, at the sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding-sheet, running through the street. After having run himself into a copious perspiration, the hypochondriac was brought home by the doctor, free from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, he was soon restored to perfect health.

---

1. Hyp o chon'dri ac, *affected with melancholy.*
5. Un der tāk' er, *one who manages funerals.*

LESSON XXIII.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

1. There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on, and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

2. And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks, the live-long night,
And never runneth down.

3. O! wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

4. Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By pride and wealth possessed:
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

5. When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

6. When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not, the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

7. When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

8. Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till this strange life is ended.

LESSON XXIV.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

1. Some years ago, there was in the city of Boston. a portrait painter, whose name was Copely. He did not succeed well in his business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copely.

2. John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

3. After he had graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately gained celebrity. One or two cases of great importance being intrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

4. The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one post

of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain.

5. John Singleton Copely is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world.

6. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man. Had John S. Copely spent his school-boy days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school when other young men were wasting their time: he adopted for his motto, "*Press onward,*"—and how rich has been his reward.

7. You, my friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day, at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of misspent boyhood.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

LESSON XXV.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

1. THE object of this piece is to show on what a slender foundation a wonderful report will often, when traced to its source, be found to rest.

2. Two honest tradesmen meeting in the strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"

3. "I don't know what it is," replied his friend.

4. "No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear;—an odd affair, indeed!
And that it happened, they all agreed:

5. "Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lived not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Took physic, and has thrown up *three black crows!*"

6. "Impossible!"

7. "Nay, but 'tis really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you."

8. "From whence, I pray?" So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell,"—relating the affair.—

9. "Yes, sir, I did; and if 'tis worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-an-one; he told it me:
But, by-the-by, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*."

10. Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Quick to the third this virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and-so-forth.

11. "Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to numbers, not exact;
It was not *two* black crows,—'twas only *one:*
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."

12. "Where may I find him?"

13. "Why, in such a place."

14. Away he goes, and having found him out,—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"

15. "Not I!"

16. "Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black Crows have been thrown up, three, two, one,
And here I find at last all comes to—*none!*
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"

17. "Crow!—Crow!—perhaps I might—now I recall
The matter over."

18. "And pray, sir, what was it?"

19. "Why I was horrid sick, and at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

DR. BYROM.

10. Vĭr tu ō′ so, properly *one skilled in curiosities or in the fine arts;* as here used, it denotes *one curious to know.*
16. Prop′ a gate, *spread.*

LESSON XXVI.

EDWARD AND WILLIAM, OR TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

1. EDWARD and William were friends from boyhood: their ages were nearly the same, and their stations in life similar. Edward was an orphan, brought up by

his grandfather, the proprietor of a small farm. The father of William was a small farmer also, a respectable, worthy man, whose only ambition (and such an ambition was laudable) was to leave to his son the heritage of a good name.

2. Both boys were destined by their natural guardians to fill that station in society to which they were born; but it happened, as sometimes it will happen in such cases, that the boys, though trained up in hard-working and pains-taking families, where the labor of the hand was more thought of than the labor of the head, were, nevertheless, very bookishly inclined.

3. As they were both of them only children, their fancies were generally indulged, and no one took offense that their pence and sixpences were hoarded up for the purchase of books, instead of being spent in gingerbread and marbles.

4. And partly to gratify their own taste for learning, and partly to fall in with the wishes of the village schoolmaster, who took no little pride and pleasure in his docile and book-loving pupils, they attended the grammar-school long after their village cotemporaries were following the plow.

5. At fifteen they appeared less likely than ever, voluntarily, to lay down Homer and Virgil, and our English divines and poets, for any pleasure it was probable they would ever find in growing turnips or selling fat cattle.

6. Perhaps this taste for letters might be also stimulated by the grammar-school having in its gift, every five years, a scholarship in one of the universities; and which was awarded to the youthful writer of the best Greek and Latin theme. The term was about expiring, and one of the two friends was sure of the nomination, there being no other candidates.

7. It was now Christmas, and the decision was to take place in March. The themes were in progress, and every thought of both youths seemed to turn itself into good Greek and Latin. Just at this time, the father of William suddenly died; and what made the trial doubly afflicting was, that his circumstances had become embarrassed, and the farm must, of necessity, be sold to pay his debts.

8. This was a great sorrow; but young as William was, his mind was strengthened by knowledge. He turned his philosophy to the best account; he faced his adverse circumstances with manly courage, and, with a clear head and an upright heart, assisted in straightening his father's deranged affairs, and in providing that every one's just claim should be satisfied.

9. Yet it was with a heavy heart that he left the comfortable home of former independence, and retired with his drooping mother to a small dwelling, with the remnant of their fortune, barely sufficient to support her above want.

10. When William saw his mother's melancholy prospects, he, for a moment, almost lamented that he could not turn his hand to labor; and at times the gloomy thought crossed his mind, that perhaps had he been a humble plowman, he might have saved his father from ruin.

11. But youth is strong, and so is intellect; and the force of a well-stored and active mind buoyed him up: he felt that within him which would not let him despair, nor even murmur; and he knew, besides, that were the scholarship but once won, the way would then be opened to honorable advancement, and even competency.

12. Actively, then, did he bestir himself; what was before interesting, he now pursued with ardor, and what before he had done well, he now did better; for the intellect, like a rich mine, abundantly repays its

workers. Sometimes the idea, almost in the form of a wish, crossed his mind, that Edward, knowing his altered circumstances, might relinquish the field, and thus secure to him what had become so doubly desirable.

13. It was now the end of January, and during a hard frost, the two friends met every evening to recreate themselves in skating, an exercise in which both excelled. But William seemed at this time the sport of misfortune; for, as he was performing, almost for the twentieth time, a master-piece in the exercise, his foot caught a pebble in the ice, he was flung forward to an immense distance with terrible velocity, and in his fall, broke his leg.

14. Edward, unconscious of the extent of the injury, with the assistance of a cottager, conveyed him home, insensible. The poor widow's cup of sorrow seemed now full to the brim; and William vainly endeavored, amid the agony of suffering, to console her.

15. Edward was like a ministering angel; he spoke words of comfortable assurance, and supported his friend in his arms while he underwent the painful operation of having the bone set. In a short time, the doctor pronounced William out of danger; but he was unable to use the least exertion; even exercise of mind was forbidden, and days and weeks were now hurrying February into March.

16. "Alas!" said he, one day, to his friend, "there is no hope of the scholarship for me; but why should I regret it, when it only secures it to you! And yet, for my poor mother's sake, I can not resign it, even to you, without sorrow; and, dear Edward," he added, his whole countenance kindling up at the idea, "I would have striven against you like a Dacian gladiator, had it not pleased Heaven to afflict me thus!"

17. Edward was a youth of few words, and after a

pause, he replied, "If your theme is finished, I will copy it for you; mine I finished last night." "No," said William, "it is mostly in its first rough state, and wants yet a few pages in conclusion; yet you can see it; read it at your leisure; and, since it is impossible for it to appear, if any ideas or phrases appear to you good, you are welcome to them. But I beg your pardon," added he, correcting himself; "yours, I doubt not, is already the best."

18. Edward did as his friend desired: he took from William's desk the various sheets of the unfinished theme. He carried them home with him, and, without any intention of appropriating a single word to his own benefit, sat down to its perusal. He read, and, as he read, grew more and more amazed. Were these thoughts, was this language indeed the composition of a youth like himself?

19. He was in the generous ardor of youth, and his heart, too, was devoted to a noble friendship; and the pure and lofty sentiments of his friend's composition aided the natural kindness of his heart. It was midnight when he had finished the half-concluded sentence which ended the manuscript; and before morning, he had drawn up a statement of his friend's circumstances, accompanied by the rough copy of his theme, which he addressed to the heads of the college.

20. He also made up his own papers, not now from any desire or expectation of obtaining the scholarship, but to prove, as he said in the letter with which he accompanied them, how much worthier his friend was than himself. All this he did without being aware that he was performing an act of singular virtue, but believing merely that it was the discharge of his duty. O! how beautiful, how heroic is the high-minded integrity of a young and innocent spirit!

21. Edward did not even consult his friend, the schoolmaster, about what he had done; but took the packet, the next morning, to the nearest coach town, and called on his friend William on his return, intending to keep from him also the knowledge of what he had done. As soon as he entered the door, he saw, by the countenance of the widow, that her son was worse.

22. He had been so much excited by the conversation of the evening before, that fever had come on, and, before the day was over, he was in a state of delirium. Edward wept as he stood by his bed, and heard his unconscious friend incoherently raving in fragments of his theme; while the widow, heart-struck by this sudden change for the worse, bowed herself, like the Hebrew mother, and refused to be comforted.

23. Many days passed over before William was again calm, and then a melancholy languor followed, which, excepting that it was unaccompanied with alarming symptoms, was almost as distressing to witness. But the doctor gave hopes of speedy renovation as the spring advanced, and, by the help of his good constitution, his entire recovery.

24. As soon as Edward ceased to be immediately anxious about his friend, he began to be impatient for an answer to his letter; and in process of time, that answer arrived.

25. What the nature of that answer was, any one who had seen his countenance might have known; and like a boy, as he was, he leaped up in the exultation of his heart, threw the letter to his old grandfather, who sat by in his quiet decrepitude, thinking the lad had lost his senses: and then, hardly waiting to hear the overflowings of the old man's joy and astonishment, folded up the letter, and bounded off to his friend's cottage.

26. The widow, like the grandfather, thought at first

that Edward had lost his wits: he seized her with an eagerness that almost overwhelmed her, and compelled her to leave the household work and sit down.

27. He related what he had done; and then, from the open letter which he held in his hand, read to her a singularly warm commendation of William's theme, from the four learned heads of the college, who accepted it, imperfect as it was, nominated him to the scholarship, and concluded with a hope, which, to the mother's heart, sounded like a prophecy, that the young man might become a future ornament to the university.

28. It is impossible to say which was greater, the mother's joy in the praise and success of her son, or her gratitude to his generous friend, who appeared to have sacrificed his prospects to those of his rival. But while she was pouring out her full-hearted torrent of gratitude, Edward put the letter into her hand, and desired her to read the rest, while he told the good news to William.

29. The letter concluded with great praise from the reverend doctors of what they styled Edward's "generous self-sacrifice;" adding that, in admiration thereof, as well as in consideration of the merit of his own theme, they nominated him to a similar scholarship, which was also in their gift.

30. Little more need be added: the two friends took possession of their rooms at the commencement of the next term; and, following up the course of learning and virtue which they had begun in youth, were ornaments to human nature, as well as to the university.

---

4. Co tem′ po ra ries, *living at the same time.*
22. De lir′ i um, *a wandering of mind.* In co hēr′ ent ly, *unconnectedly.*
23. Ren o vā′ tion, *renewal, a making new.*
25. De crep′ it ude, *broken or decayed state of the body by age.*

LESSON XXVII.

THE GENTLEMAN.

1. True gentlemen are to be found in every grade of society. The plowman, with his broad, sunburnt hands, his homely dress, and his open, honest countenance, is oftener found to be possessed of the real attributes of a gentleman, than the enervated man-milliner, who is much more careful of his gloves than of his honor, and who, if one curl of his glossy wool were displaced, would be thrown immediately into strong convulsions.

2. The blood which flows in a rich and venous stream through the heart of a Russian serf, is as pure in the eyes of God as the life-current which eddies around the princely fountain of the highest of England's noblemen. It is a false, illiberal idea, that because a man can not claim alliance with the proud and wealthy, his name should be stricken from the list of gentlemen.

3. Which class, from time immemorial, has shed honor and glory upon the earth—the so-called gentleman of fashion, or the true gentleman of nature? Whose voices are most heard, and to most effect, throughout the world? Why, those of men born in poverty, but clothed by truth with the jeweled robe of honor.

4. Does the mere fact of a man's being able to make a bow with scrupulous exactness constitute him a gentleman? Shall the children of one mother be divided, because one portion are gifted with gracefulness of action and coxcombry of demeanor; while the others will not stoop to cringe at flattery's fawn, or waste the hours given them by Heaven to improve, in the useless study of the puerile forms of fashion?

5. O, how glad it makes one's heart, to see the

"painted lizards" shrink away at the approach of honest men fearing that they may be called upon to acknowledge their own inferiority!

6. Who is the gentleman? He who can boast of nothing but a name upon which dishonor has never thrown its leprous poison: he who can lie down on his pillow at night, knowing that he has done his neighbor no injury; whose heart is never closed to pity, and whose arm is always nerved to redress the injuries of the oppressed; who smiles not at misfortune, and who mocks not the affliction of his fellows.

7. He who looks upon all men as equals, and who fears not to stand in the presence of a king: the man who is guided by moral honor, and not obliged to have laws made for his observance: he who has true democracy in his soul; who desires and gives to every man the enjoyment of his own opinion, provided they do not infringe the decrees of justice, in its most rigid sense.

8. Such a man, and only such a one, should dare lay claim to the proud appellation of a "gentleman." Thank God! we are in a country where the field to honor and renown is open to all. The lowest freeman in the land is in part the governor of its proudest officers.

9. He who tills the earth walks erect in the proud dignity of natural rights, knowing that he can not be oppressed while he *respects himself*. There is no distinction of classes here: the blacksmith and the senator, the shoemaker and the president, all hail each other as gentlemen, and may be combined in one and the same person.

L. Mills.

2. Ed' dies, *moves in a circle.* Al lī' ance, *union by marriage; relation.*

3. Im me mō' ri al, *the origin of which is beyond memory.*

4. Scru' pu lous, *nice.* De mēan' or, *behavior.* Cox' cōmb ry, *weak vanity.* Pū' er ile, *trifling, childish.*

LESSON XXVIII.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

1. A good daughter! There are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given.

2. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him, perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

3. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice.

4. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending, but all-expressive, proofs of love.

5. And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! O, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to that parent's heart!

6. A true love can hardly be alienated, and will with certainty always greet a parent's approaching steps. But a daughter's ambition should be, not to possess merely the love which feelings implanted by nature excite, but that made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

J. G. Palfrey.

LESSON XXIX.

LET HOME BE MADE HAPPY.

1. Industry is a homely virtue, yet worthy of all praise. Experience, religion, philosophy, alike inculcate it. Even Nature herself reads us a frequent lecture upon it. Let us go, for a moment, from the haunts of men to the bosom of the quiet forest. Here we shall find no noisy sound of the mill, the hammer, or the saw. It is silent. But look around, and see what has been done by the busy, though quiet, hand of Nature. See the rock,—how artfully it is woven over with moss, as if to hide its roughness; and how is an object, of itself uninteresting, thus rendered beautiful?

2. Look at the ragged banks of the brawling stream. See the tufts of grass, the spreading shrubs, and gaudy wild flowers that cover it, and thus turn into beauty the very deformity of the wilderness. Look down upon the valley, and see how the withered leaves, the moldering branches of trees, the scattered stems, and other objects—witnesses of decay and death—are carpeted over by grasses and flowers.

3. How beautiful, how ornamental, are the works of Nature, even in the wilderness and the solitary place! She seems to decorate them all, as if each spot were a garden, in which God might perchance walk, as once in Eden; and she would have it fitly arrayed for His inspection. And shall not man learn a homely lesson from this lecture in the wood? Will you look at Nature, and see her, with industrious fingers, weaving flowers, and plants, and grasses, and trees, and shrubs, to ornament every part of the earth, and will you go home no wiser for the hint?

4. Will you go *home*, to that dear spot upon which the heart should shine, as the sun in spring-time upon the flowers, and permit it to be the scene of idleness, negligence, and waste? Will you permit it to be a naked shelter from the weather, like the den of a wild beast? Will you not rather adorn it by your industry, as Nature adorns the field and the forest?

5. If you say, that this is somewhat fanciful, and should be regarded rather as illustration than argument, let it be admitted. Still, are not the works of Nature designed to have an influence of this kind upon us? Why do we feel their beauty, and carry their images in our bosoms, but as a language in which our Creator would speak to us, move us, educate us?

6. If the trembling string, that is set in the wind, yields melody to the ear, shall we not listen to it? And

if Nature would thus become a monitor, shall we not learn of her? If she sets us a useful and beautiful example, shall we not follow it? If she adorns the dell, the vale, the slope, the hill,—covering up whatever may offend, and displaying, in rich colors and beautiful forms, her fairy designs of leaves and flowers, shall we not imitate her?

7. It seems to me no violent stretch of faith to deem all this as meant for practical teaching to man. Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain; in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects; in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive.

8. Let industry and taste make home the abode of neatness and order,—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart, by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness, kindness, and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, a happy home.

9. Waste not your time in accumulating unnecessary wealth for them; but plant their minds and souls, in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and true prosperity. Let children join with their parents in trying to make home a happy place. Let them not forget that they may do much to promote this object. They can at least practice obedience to parents, and kindness to all around.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

LESSON XXX.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

MORTALITY.

1. Child of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thy eyes red with weeping?—I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

2. A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipped by the east wind; the branches were lopped away by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it moldered away, and fell to the ground.

3. I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were found none of so great a multitude.

4. I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowing with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could

no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath was gone out of his nostrils.

5. Therefore do I weep because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die: let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

IMMORTALITY.

6. I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again: it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

7. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked: the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain-tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

8. I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move.—I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

9. Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

10. Who is He that comes to burst open the prison doors of the tomb, to bid the dead awake, and to gather His redeemed from the four winds of heaven? He descends on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goes before Him; thousands of angels are on his right hand. It is JESUS, the Son of God; the Savior of men; the Friend of the good. He comes in the glory of His Father; He has received power from on high.

11. Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality, for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered Death: child of immortality! mourn no longer.

LESSON XXXI.

THE RAINDROP.

1. O MARK yon wanderer of the skies,
   Which floats along so fast;
   'Tis gliding down the stream of Time,
   From hoary ages past.

2. For it was born before the light
   Burst from yon orb so free,
   Or Time had plumed its viewless wing
   From out eternity.

3. Rude Time has left on it no trace
   Of age, nor fell decay;
   For when his hand would touch its youth,
   It swiftly glides away.

4. 'Tis bright and pure till from the clouds
   It drops to bless the earth,
   Whose base return is but to mar
   The radiance of its birth.

5. The ungrateful earth not only stains
And steals its sweet perfume,
But forms beneath its thirsty clods
A dark and loathsome tomb.

6. Yet here, though held in durance long,
At last will come a day,
When it will burst earth's caverns deep,
And gladly soar away.

7 What it was first no tongue can tell—
Perchance an angel's tear!—
And now it roams too pure and bright
To find a lodgment here.

8. And so it wanders o'er the earth,
To all a welcome guest;
But never finds, not e'en in flowers,
Congenial place of rest.

9. It often mounts up with the clouds,
To gain its native sphere;
But failing in its heavenward flight,
Drops back to earth—a tear!

10. It erst appeared when brooding night
Hung o'er the dark abyss;
And then it smiled in Eden's bower,
'Mid innocence and bliss!

11. Anon it fell from Eve's sad cheek,
When from the garden driven,
To roam a stranger o'er the earth,
By sin and sorrow riven!

12. And then it blended with the clouds,
And swept o'er hill and dale;
And shone a gem in that rich bow
Which Hope spread o'er the vale!

13. It oft has decked the ocean's wave,
And sported o'er the deep,
And searched all through its azure halls,
Where slimy monsters creep.

14. It there has kissed the pallid cheek
Of cold, uncoffined dead,
Who lie among the coral groves
Which deck the ocean's bed!

15. It may have flowed from infant eyes,
Ere sin had entered there;
Or traced its way o'er Mercy's cheek,
When looking on Despair!

16. And it has been a mother's tear,
Shed with her latest breath,
When last she kissed her little ones,
And bowed her soul in death!

17. Then from the weeping orphan's eye
It fell, her cheeks to lave;
Or giving fragrance to the flowers
That bloom upon her grave!

18. When Mary bathed the Savior's feet,
And wiped them with her hair,
This drop, among its sister tears,
Was paid in tribute there!

19. Perchance the pearl which Jesus wept,
When Lazarus was dead,
Was this pure drop! or that which o'er
Jerusalem He shed!

20. It may have been—it is so pure!—
Commingled in that tide,
Which, well to wash our sins away,
Gushed from the Savior's side!

21. It softly floats on zephyr's wing,
To kiss the opening flowers,
And brightly sparkles in the sun,
When fall the jeweled showers.

22. It swells the blushing, luscious peach,
And courses up the vine;
Then bursting from the ripened grape,
It mingles in the wine!

23. When fever burns the pilgrim's lips,
How sweet its cooling aid,
When dropping from the welcome cloud,
Or sparkling o'er the glade!

24. The sterile glebe oft feels its power;
And, springing from the soil,
The thrifty grain has ripened fast,
To bless the reaper's toil.

25. Ah! it is gone! and thus away
Seems gliding all that's fair;
It flits a moment here below,
Then vanishes in air!

26. But as the evanescent drop,
That late to me was driven,
Now soars above, the pure and good
Will soon ascend to Heaven!

SIDNEY DYER.

---

6. Dū' rance, *imprisonment.*
10. Erst, *first.*
11. A non', *soon.*
17. Lāve, *bathe, wash.*
20. Com min' gled, *mixed.*

LESSON XXXII.

WASHINGTON WITH HIS MOTHER FOR THE LAST TIME.

1. Who that has parted with his aged mother, and received her last blessing, as he was about to go forth into a land of strangers, to seek a home for himself, can read the following last interview between Washington and his mother, and suppress the rising tear that starts unbidden, at the remembrance of such a scene?

2. Time may dim the recollection of many of the incidents of youth when we come in contact with the world; but there is a magic in the mother's voice. Her well-remembered tone of admiration, her kindness and unceasing care will rise up before him who loved her, and follow him as a guardian angel in all the varied scenes of life. Happy the man who was blessed with such a mother, and loved her: happier he who having had such, forgets not her love, her kindness, and instructions.

3. Immediately after the organization of the present government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother preparatory to his departure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly marked the ravages a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

4. "The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging

a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—

5. Here the matron interrupted him: "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George; fulfill the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

6. The president was deeply affected. His head rested on the shoulder of his parent. That brow, on which Fame had wreathed the purest laurel Virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look, which could have awed a Roman senate in its Fabrican day, was bent in full tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

7. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as Memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion and the days of his youth; and there, the center of attraction, was his mother, whose care, instructions, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost hight of laudable ambition. Yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her with whom he must soon part to meet no more!

8. The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

LESSON XXXIII.

"MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON."

1. The monument marking the repose of the mother of Washington bears the above simple yet affecting inscription. No eulogy could be higher—none could more effectually appeal to the heart of every American. By the great mass of our own countrymen, even, too little is known of this distinguished woman.

2. Every relic of her should be carefully preserved, as a memento of the "guide who directed the steps of the youthful hero, when they needed a guardian," and of her to whose forming care Washington himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

3. Mary Washington was a descendant from the family of Ball, who settled as English colonists on the banks of the Potomac. In her person, she was of middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. By the death of her husband, she became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem most to claim the aid and control of the father.

4. Thus it was left to this eminent woman to form, in the youth-time of her son, those great and essential qualities which gave luster to the glories of his after life. George was then but twelve years of age, and he has been heard to say that he knew little of his father, except the remembrance of his person, and his parental fondness.

5. The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual

in the spring-time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety; and thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command.

6. The late Lawrence Washington, of Chotank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of George, thus describes his mother: "I was often with George, a playmate, a schoolmate, and a companion. Of his mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I can not call to mind that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe.

7. "Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the 'Father of his Country,' will remember the matron as she appeared, when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household." Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of young Washington was formed; and his behavior toward his mother, at all times, testified that he appreciated her character, and profited by her instructions. Even to the last moments of his venerable parent, he yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her the highest respect and most enthusiastic attachment.

8. When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived, of Washington's crossing the Delaware, in December, 1776, an event which occurred in the "hour of peril," and restored the hopes of our country's success from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited on the mother with letters and congratulations. She received them with calmness, and observed that it was pleasurable news. In reply to their congratulations, she said: "My good sirs, here is too much flattery. Still, George will not forget the lessons I early taught

him: he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise."

9. After an absence of nearly seven years, the mother was again permitted to see and embrace her illustrious son. When Washington had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleassure to receive him. Now mark the force of early education and habits, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming—no trumpets sounded—no banners waved.

10. Full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor all the "pomp and circumstance" of power. Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America—the deliverer of his country—the hero of the age—repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being—the founder of his fortune and his fame.

11. The mother was alone: her aged hands were employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, that the "victor chief" was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood. She inquired as to his health, remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—*not one word.*

12. When Lafayette was about to depart for his native land, in the autumn of 1784, he went to pay his parting respects to the mother of the hero, and ask her blessing. The marquis spoke of the happy effects of the Revolution, the goodly prospects which opened upon independent America, and expressed his love and admiration of

her noble son. She blessed him, and to the encomiums which he lavished upon the hero, the matron replied: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

13. In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own *good boy*—of the merits of his early life—of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of him as the deliverer of his country—the chief magistrate of the great republic—she never spoke. Call you this insensibility, or want of ambition? O, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be GOOD; that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

14. Mrs. Washington was always pious; but in later life, her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator in humiliation and prayer. The incidents in her life were not very numerous.

15. It can not be said that she educated her son with a view to his being a warrior or a statesman; but she did that which was better—she filled his mind with plain principles and correct opinions, and taught him to cherish honorable and religious sentiments, without filling his heart with pride, or his head with visions of glory.

16. Many mothers have done as much for their sons as Mary Washington did for George; but, as the world reasons, few have been so successful. In the view of wisdom, however, that mother who sees her children growing up healthy, virtuous, enlightened, respected, and happy, in the common walks of life, is, all things considered, placed in quite as enviable a situation as she who watches with anxiety the progress of her offspring ascending the craggy and thorny paths of fame and honor.

LESSON XXXIV.

CAPTAIN HARDY AND NATHAN.

Nathan. Good morning, captain. How do you stand this hot weather?

Captain. Bless you, boy, it is a cold bath to what we had at Monmouth? Did I ever tell you about that battle?

N. I have always understood that it was very hot that day!

Cap. Bless you, boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think of it: and if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you things about that battle, such as you would not believe, you rogue, if I did not tell you. It beats all nature how hot it was.

N. I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.

Cap. Why, so we should, if the regulars had only died first; but, you see, they never liked the Jerseys, and would not lay their bones there. Now, if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you all about that business, for you see they do not do things so now-a-days.

N. How so? Do not people die as they used to?

Cap. Bless you, no. It beat all nature to see how long the regulars would kick after we killed them.

N. What! kick after they were killed! That does beat all nature, as you say.

Cap. Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old continental, for you see, if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you things about this battle, that you would never believe. Why, bless you, when General Washington told us we might give it to them, we gave it to them, I tell you.

N. You gave what to them?

Cap. Cold lead, you rogue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see; and if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you how we did it. You must know, the regulars wore their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afraid of them; but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we had none.

N. How happened you to be without coats?

Cap. Why, bless you, they would wear out, and the States could not buy us any more, you see, and so we marched the lighter, and worked the freer for it. Now, if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you what the general said to me the next day, when I had a touch of the rheumatism from lying on the field without a blanket all night. You must know, it was raining hard just then, and we were pushing on like all nature after the regulars.

N. What did the general say to you?

Cap. Not a syllable says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders: "There, captain," says he, "wear that, for we can not spare you yet." Now that beat all nature, hey?

N. So you wore the general's coat, did you?

Cap. Lord bless your simple heart, no. I did not feel sick after that, I tell you. "No, general," says I, "they can spare me better than they can you, just now, and so I will take the will for the deed," says I.

N. You will never forget this kindness, captain.

Cap. Not I, boy! I never feel a twinge of the rheumatism, but what I say, God bless the general. Now, you see, I hate long stories, or I would tell you how I gave it to a regular that tried to shoot the general at Monmouth. You know we were at close quarters, and the general was right between the two fires.

N. I wonder he was not shot.

Cap. Bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the

general; but you see, a sneaking regular did not know this, and so he leveled his musket at him; and you see, I knew what he was after, and I gave the general's horse a slap on the haunches, and it beats all nature how he sprung, and the general all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

N. And you saved the general's life.

Cap. Did I not tell you nobody could kill the general? but, you see, his horse was in the rake of my gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly regular.

N. Did you hit him?

Cap. Bless your simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes! though the fellow made me blink a little, for he carried away part of this ear.—See there! (*Showing his ear.*) Now does not that beat all nature?

N. I think it does. But tell me, how is it that you took all these things so calmly? What made you so contented under your privations and hardships?

Cap. O, bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see, the general never flinched nor grumbled.

N. Yes, but you served without being paid.

Cap. So did the general, and the States, you know, were poor as all nature.

N. But you had families to support.

Cap. Ay, ay, but the general always told us that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now, if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all nature for guessing right.

N. Then you feel happy, and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

Cap. Why, bless you, if I had not left one of my legs at Yorktown, I would not have touched a stiver of the States' money; and as it is, I am so old, that I shall not

need it long. You must know, I long to see the general again, for if he does not hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all nature how things have changed since he left us.

LESSON XXXV.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

1. "Early to bed and early to rise"—
Ay, note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

2. Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power—
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

3. We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas! too often break them;
We mock at the wings of the king of kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower?

Is it not safer to make Life's hay
At the beam of an early hour?

4. Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on Earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And the richest breath of the flower—
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

5. O! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate.
To sum up our figures, or plow up our ground,
And weave out the threads of Fate.
The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When ready and brave, he chains Time as his slave
By the help of the early hour.

ELIZA COOK.

LESSON XXXVI.

EXCEL.

1. EVERY young man, starting in life, should write one resolution upon his heart, and that is, "I WILL EXCEL." We care not what his business may be,—whether it is professional, scientific, mechanical, agricultural, manufacturing, or any department of labor,—every man should strive to excel.

2. The mere wish for excellence, the ambition to surpass others, is possessed by all, except the veriest drones and boobies. But, wish and ambition alone will not effect

the object. He who excels must *study for it.* He must give thought to it; he must be laborious in pursuit; he must turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, if he would reach the topmost round of the ladder.

3. He who sets out determining to excel, rarely fails. At the bidding of Energy aid appears to come, which the slothful look upon with surprise, and term the success the work of blind but capricious Fortune. They are unwilling to admit that it is the achievement of the man himself that thus pushes him forward, for it would be a censure upon their own idleness.

4. In every department of labor the man that excels is the one who has plenty to do, whether others are idle or not. *Excellence ever commands employment.* Find a first-rate clerk, a quick, ready journeyman mechanic, a skillful artisan, or active laborer, long out of employ, if you can, providing they are honest and industrious men; or, find an able advocate at the bar, an eloquent divine, a physician of reputation, out of clients, out of a station, or out of patients! The thing never has been—never will be.

5. Then, Young Man, let your resolution be formed to EXCEL. Live for it day by day, and, as sure as you are worthy, so sure you will rank among your fellows.

LESSON XXXVII.

ELOCUTION AND READING.

1. THE business of training our youth in elocution, must be commenced in childhood. The first school is the nursery. There, at least, may be formed a distinct articulation, which is the first requisite for good speak-

ing. How rarely is it found in perfection among our orators! Words, says one, referring to articulation, should "be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint; deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight." How rarely do we hear a speaker, whose tongue, teeth, and lips, do their office so perfectly as, in any wise, to answer to this beautiful description! And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise from the very nursery. But let us refer to other particulars.

2. Grace in eloquence—in the pulpit, at the bar—can not be separated from grace in the ordinary manners, in private life, in the social circle, in the family. It can not well be superinduced upon all the other acquisitions of youth, any more than that nameless, but invaluable quality, called good breeding. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator with your child; not merely by teaching him to declaim, but, what is of more consequence, by observing and correcting his daily manners, motions, and attitudes.

3. You can say, when he comes into your apartment, or presents you with something, a book or letter, in an awkward and blundering manner, "Return, and enter this room again;" or, "Present me that book in a different manner;" or, "Put yourself into a different attitude." You can explain to him the difference between thrusting or pushing out his hand and arm in straight lines and at acute angles, and moving them in flowing, circular lines, and easy, graceful action. He will readily understand you. Nothing is more true than that "the motions of children are originally graceful;" and it is by suffering them to be perverted, that we lay the foundation for invincible awkwardness in later life.

4. We go, next, to the schools for children. It ought to be a leading object, in these schools, to teach the art of reading. It ought to occupy *three-fold more time* than it does. The teachers of these schools should labor to improve *themselves*. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future orators of the land.

5. We would rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school a first-rate *reader*, than a first-rate performer on the pianoforte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence; and there may be eloquent *readers*, as well as eloquent *speakers*.

6. We speak of *perfection* in this art; and it is something, we must say in defense of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have, as the ancients had, the formers of the voice, the music-masters of the *reading* voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we should be prepared to stand the comparison.

7. It is, indeed, a most intellectual acomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do by no means undervalue this noble and most delightful art, to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought; and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language. A man may possess a fine genius, without being a perfect reader; but he can not be a perfect reader without genius.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE IN THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

1. The most grand, daring, and successful genius of his age,—a man of giant intellect, a profound statesman, an unrivaled negotiator, and the greatest military captain of the world, Napoleon, always ascribed the greatness and glory of his unequaled career to the lessons taught him by his mother. So deeply graven on his mind was the truth of woman's pre-eminent influence in the formation of character, that it was one of the standing maxims of his life, "*That there never was an extraordinary man who was the son of an ordinary mother.*"

2. Many of the master-spirits of our own country, whose splendid achievements have enrolled their names high upon the imperishable records of true glory, and whose private and social virtues have enshrined them in the hearts of their fellow citizens, were trained and fashioned by female intelligence and virtue. Jackson and Calhoun, not to mention others, are noble specimens of what poor, virtuous, widowed mothers can achieve.

3. The brightest and purest name of our history, and of the world's history, which will grow brighter and brighter, and become more and more holy, as it goes sparkling down to posterity—our own beloved, immortal Washington—received the elements of that character of which we are all so justly proud, from the vigilant guardianship, sound judgment, and spotless virtue of his widowed mother.

4. To the male youth of our country, whose generous bosoms glow with ardent aspirations for enduring fame, with all the sincerity and energy that I can command, I would say, make Washington your perpetual model.

And to the fairer and lovelier sex, would you reign without rivals in our hearts, would you desire that the great and good of the republic shall raise monuments to your memory and pour the warm tears of a mighty people's gratitude upon your graves, imitate, forever imitate, the virtues of "*Mary, the mother of Washington.*"

JAS. HENRY, JR.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE TOLL-GATE.

1. WE are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike, all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go; and there are very few of all the host of travelers who do not occasionally stop a little at some one or another of them, and, consequently, pay more or less to the toll-gatherers;—pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping-places.

2. Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls of the purse. Many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates. The ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best. Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset. She tempts the traveler with many fair promises, and wins thousands: but she takes without mercy. Like an artful robber, she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off, a miserable object, into the very worst and most rugged road of life.

3. Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He is the very worst toll-gatherer on the road, for he

not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet in the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

4. And so I might go on, enumerating many others, who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road; but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of those places. The plain, common sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

5. This being the state of things, it becomes every one in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to look well to his company. We are all very apt to imitate our companions—to stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay toll. Ten chances to one, our choice in this particular decides our fate.

6. Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage—to mark the good or ill that is produced by every course of life—to see how those manage who do well, and trace the cause of evil to its origin in conduct. Thus you will make yourself master of the information necessary to regulate your own deportment.

7. Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture ere they grow to be a second nature. Good habits I speak of. Bad ones are more easily acquired—they are the spontaneous weeds that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or culture.

LESSON XL.

LIGHT WORDS.

1. This is often said to be a world of cold neglect and scorn: and so it is. But, reader, while you have called it so, have you ever thought that you are one of such a world? that from you, perhaps, are often heard words so cold and unkind, that, like the torpedo, they benumb all within their reach? Perhaps you did not mean to wound a friend, or make this life to him more lonely. Then you should have withdrawn that last "light word."

"'Tis over soon, the cause; not soon
The sad effects pass by."

2. Have you ever seen a gay, lively spirit and light heart turned to sadness and deep melancholy? It might have been the effect of a single word. Have you seen the tear of the mourner starting afresh? It was a light word that vividly recalled the past. Have you never seen the poor of this world made to feel more keenly than ever (and Heaven knows it is sharp enough at any time) the sense of destitution? It was only a light word. Be mindful, then—

"Ye little know what misery
From idle words may spring."

3. But what are idle words? We watch the lips of the young and aged, of the wise and ignorant, of the thoughtful and giddy, and we hear the audible expression of careless hearts; but certainly these can not be "light words," for all have their effect—deep, serious, and lasting. Light words! The very name is a mockery—a burden to the heart; for however lightly they may fall from the lips, heavily do they often rest on the spirit.

LESSON XLI.

THE CROWN OF THE HAT.

"The modish hat, whose breadth contains
The measure of its owner's brains."

1. As the poet advises, I oft study man,
And have noted each trait that his nature displays,
And though I must leave him where first I began,
(Since truly but little is known of his ways,)
For the good of mankind I'll record what I've seen,
With the sage-like conclusions to which I have come;
Nor let any doubt me—I speak what I mean—
And of all my observings give this as the sum:
The main source of error, when justly come at,
Will always be found in the "crown of the hat!"

2. The world was made rightly, and, well understood,
Will be found in all parts to fill its design;
And we, like its Maker, should still call it "good,"
Though all its dark phases we may not define.
And if, like the earth, man would keep in his sphere,
He would ne'er have occasion at fortune to fret;
For e'en should his eye be suffused with a tear,
'Tis a gem dropped from heaven that brings no regret:
Whoe'er, then, is fretting with this or with that,
Must have something wrong in the "crown of his hat!"

3. The modern reformer, self-righteous and wise,
Who deems that the world was ne'er blessed with the light
Till he on its darkness was seen to arise,
Like the sunbeams of morning dispelling the night,—
With clamor denounces each system and creed,
As vile impositions wherewith to deceive;

But proclaims to the world that his own they must heed,
And thunders at any who dares disbelieve:
Now, the poor silly wight is as blind as a bat,
For all has gone wrong in the "crown of his hat!"

4. The votary of fashion believes the Creator,
When He first made the sex from the rib of the man,
Had no standard of beauty by which He could rate her;
So she tries to improve His original plan.
The waist is too large, and the hips are too small—
These she shapes with a bustle, and that with a lace;
And finding a fault in the chief point of all,
Disfigures with rouge the divine human face!
Now, if the poor ninny was not such a flat,
She'd find her defects in the "crown of her hat!"

5. And thus every failure, and folly, and strife,
That bothers us here, has its origin thence;
So that he who is donning a beaver for life,
Should be sure, at the start, to well stock it with sense.
But some, I've no doubt, are quite ready to say,
That the poet belongs to the class he describes,
And his own imperfections should closely survey,
When others he dares to assail with his gibes:
Well, he in all frankness acknowledges, pat,
That there is something wrong in the "crown of his hat!"

SIDNEY DYER.

Mŏ′ dish, *fashionable.*

4. Rouge (roozh), *a red paint for the face.* Nin′ ny, *a silly person.*

5. Don′ ning, *putting on.* Gibes, *reproaches.*

LESSON XLII.

THE PLEASURE-BOAT.

1. Travelers tell us of a terrific whirlpool in the sea, a few leagues from the western shore of the kingdom of Norway, called Maelstrom. The water near it is kept in the most fearful commotion.

2. Ships, when they are unfortunately drawn into it, are quickly dashed to pieces and disappear. Even the whale is sometimes overcome by the force of the currents, and with loud bellowings of distress and alarm, is carried into the vortex of the whirlpool, from which it never issues alive.

3. On the shore nearly opposite to this dreadful place, one fine day in the month of July, a party of young gentlemen and ladies were walking for pleasure. A proposition was made to embark for an excursion upon the water, and some of the party stepped into a boat lying by the shore.

4. None of them were accustomed to the dangers of the sea. The young men could not ply the oars as dextrously as those can who are practiced in the labor. They supposed there could be no danger. The sea was so calm, the day so pleasant, and the winds breathed so softly, they felt all was safe.

5. They embarked, and the boat was soon in motion, propelled rapidly by the oars. The young men, fatigued with the exertion, ceased rowing, and were pleased to find that the boat continued to glide smoothly yet swiftly along.

6. They saw and apprehended no danger. All was lively joy and innocent hilarity. They knew not that they were within the influence of the whirlpool, and

passing rapidly around its outermost circle, and that they were drawing insensibly nearer to a point whence there could be no escape.

7. They came round nearly to the place whence they had embarked. At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to escape, a number of persons on the shore perceived the danger of the unhappy party, and gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make at least one desperate effort, and if possible reach the shore.

8. They entreated in vain. The party in the boat laughed at the fears of their friends, and suffered themselves to glide onward, without making one exertion for deliverance from the impending destruction. They passed around the second circle, and again appeared to their terrified friends on shore.

9. Expostulation and entreaty were redoubled, but in vain. To launch another boat would only bring sure destruction to those who might embark. If any of the party were saved, their own efforts could alone accomplish the work.

10. But they continued their merriment; and, now and then, peals of laughter would come over the waters, sounding like the knell of death upon the ears of all who heard; for they well knew that now there was no relief, and that soon the thoughtless revelers would see their folly and madness, and awake to their danger only to find that they could not avoid ruin and death.

11. Again they came round; but their mirth was terminated. They had heard the roarings of the whirlpool, and had seen in the distance the wild tumult of the waters, and they knew that death was near. The boat began to quiver like an aspen leaf, and to shoot like lightning from wave to wave.

12. The foam dashed over them as they sped along,

and every moment they expected to be ingulfed. They now plied the oars and cried for help. No help could reach them. No strength could give the boat power to escape from the vortex toward which it was hastening.

13. A thick, black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness, and the thunder rolled fearfully over their heads. With a desperate struggle the oars were again plied. They snapped asunder, and their last hope gave way to the agony of despair. The boat, now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly around, plunged into the yawning abyss, and, with the unhappy persons which it carried, disappeared forever.

14. Thus perished the pleasure-boat and all who had embarked in it. And thus perish thousands in the whirlpool of dissipation, who at first sailed smoothly and thoughtlessly around its outmost circle, and laughed at those who saw and faithfully warned them of their danger. But, rejecting all admonition, and closing their ears to all entreaties, they continued on their course till escape was hopeless, and ruin inevitable.

15. Let every youth remember that the real danger lies in entering the first circle. Had not the pleasure-boat entered that, that unhappy party had never been dashed to pieces in the vortex of the whirlpool. Pleasure may, indeed, beckon on, and cry, There is no danger; but believe her not.

16. The waves and rocks of ruin are in her path; and to avoid them may not be in your power, if one step be taken. Many a man, who commenced with a glass of spirit, relying upon his strength of mind and firmness of purpose, has passed around the whole circle of drunkenness, and lain down in a dishonored grave.

LESSON XLIII.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.

1. Why, what harm will *books* do me? The same harm that personal intercourse would, with the bad men who wrote them. That "a man is known by the company he keeps," is an old proverb; but it is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book can be read without making one better, a bad book can not be read without making one the worse.

2. Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither "aliment" nor "medicine:" they are "*poison.*" Both *intoxicate*—one the mind; the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—one the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and venders of each are equally guilty and equally corrupters of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—*total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.*

3. Whatever books neither feed the mind nor the heart, but have the effect to *intoxicate* the mind and corrupt the heart, are "*bad books.*" Works of science, art, philosophy, history, theology, &c., furnish "aliment" or "medicine:" books of mere fancy, romance, infidelity, war, piracy, and murder, are "*poison,*" more or less diluted, and are as much to be shunned as the drunkard's cup. They will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

4. *Books of mere fiction* insult the understanding. They represent as truth what is confessedly false, and assume that the great object of reading is amusement

instead of instruction. The effects are such as might be expected. A habit of reading for *amusement* simply, becomes so fixed, that science loses all its charms; sober history becomes dull and tedious, and whatever requires thought and study is cast aside.

5. *Beware of books of war, piracy, and murder.* The first thought of crime has been suggested by such books. The murderer of Lord William Russell confessed on the scaffold, that the reading of one such book led him to the commission of his crime. Another, who was executed for piracy, was instigated to his course by a book filled with piratical tales. The state prisons are filled with criminals who were incited to crime by similar means. They stimulate the love of adventurous daring, cultivate the baser passions, and prompt to deeds of infamy. Away with them—beware of them!

6. Do you still need to be persuaded to beware of the poison that would paralyze your conscience, enervate your intellect, pervert your judgment, deprave your life, and perhaps ruin your soul? Beware of bad books, because if *you*, and others like you, *will let them alone, they will soon cease to be published.* Every such book you buy encourages the guilty publisher to make another. Thus you not only endanger your own morals, but pay a premium on the means of ruining others.

7. Beware of bad books, because *your example is contagious.* Good books are plenty and cheap, and it is folly to feed on chaff, or poison, when substantial, healthful food may as well be obtained. Beware of bad books, because they waste your time. "Time is money"—it is more—it is eternity! Can you squander it on the means of ruin!

8. Beware of bad books, because principles imbibed and images gathered from them, will abide in the memory and imagination forever. The mind once

polluted is never freed from its corruption—never. Let your pledge be—"*Henceforth I will beware of bad books, and never read what can intoxicate and deprave the mind and heart.*"

LESSON XLIV.

THE SISTERS.

First Speaker.

1. I go, sweet sister! yet my love would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain;
Take, then, the braid of eastern pearl, that once I loved to wear,
And with it bind, for festal scenes, the dark waves of thy hair;
Its pale, pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in the lone convent cell.

Second Speaker.

2. Oh! sister, sister! wherefore thus?—why part from kindred love?
Through festal scenes, when thou art gone, my steps no more shall move.
How could I bear a lonely heart amidst a reckless throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song!
Keep, keep the braid of eastern pearl! or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine!

First Speaker.

3. Oh! wouldst thou seek a wounded bird from shelter to detain?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life again?
Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear, for secret woe and wrong!
It could not still my beating heart—but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when meekly pressed to thine!

Second Speaker.

4. Take back, take back, the cross of gold, our mother's gift to thee:
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be!
With funeral splendor to mine eyes it would but sadly shine,
And tell of early treasure lost, of joy no longer mine!
Oh, sister! if thy heart be thus with voiceless grief oppressed,
Where couldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast?

First Speaker.

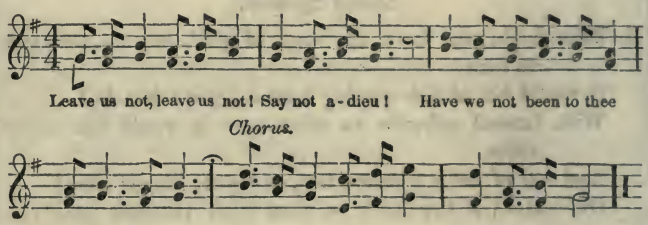
5. Urge me no more! a blight hath fallen upon my altered years;
I should but darken thy young life with sleepless pangs and fears!
But take, at least, the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
And sometimes from the silvery strings one tone of memory wake!
Sing to those chords, in starlight hours, our own sweet vesper-hymn,
And think that I, too, chant it then, far in my cloister dim!

Second Speaker.

6. Yes! I will take the silvery lute, and I will sing to thee
A song we heard in childhood's days, e'en from our father's knee!
Oh! listen, listen! are those notes amidst forgotten things?
Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar strings?
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain?
Kind sister! gentlest Leonore! say, shall it plead in vain?

SONG.

LEAVE US NOT. J. R. W.



1. Leave us not, leave us not!
Say not, adieu!
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true?

2. Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth!
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

3. Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

4. Too sad our love would be,
If thou wast gone!
Turn to us! leave us not!
Thou art our own!

First Speaker.

7. O, sister! thou hast won me back! too many fond thoughts lie
In every soft spring breathing tone of that old melody:
I can not, can not leave thee now! e'en though my grief should fall
As a shadow on the pageantries that crowd our ancient hall;
But take me! clasp me in thine arms!—I will not mourn my lot,
Whilst love like thine remains on earth—I leave, I leave thee not!

F. HEMANS.

LESSON XLV.

ANIMALS.

1. ANIMALS are divided into four great branches, distinguished by the terms *Vertebrated*, *Molluscous*, *Articulated*, and *Radiated*.

2. The FIRST DIVISION includes all those animals which are provided with a backbone; and because the similar bones, or joints, of which it is composed, are called by anatomists *vertebræ* (from a Latin word signifying *to turn*): the individuals that belong to this division are called *Vertebrated Animals*.

3. It is subdivided into four classes: 1. *Mammalia;* comprehending man, land quadrupeds, and the whale

tribe; that is, all animals that give suck to their young: 2. *Birds* of all kinds: 3. *Reptiles;* of which are frogs, serpents, lizards, crocodiles, alligators, tortoises, and turtles: 4. *Fishes* of all kinds, except the whale tribe; which belongs to the class *mammalia.*

4. The SECOND DIVISION includes tribes of animals which have no bones; and because their bodies contain no hard parts, they are called *Molluscous Animals,* from a Latin word signifying soft. With a few exceptions, they all have a hard covering or shell, to which they are either attached, or in which they can inclose themselves, and be preserved from injuries, to which, from their soft nature, they would otherwise be constantly exposed.

5. Apart from the few exceptions referred to, *Molluscous* Animals are divisible into, 1. *Univalves;* that is, animals armed with a shell, or valve, forming one continuous piece; such as snails: 2. *Bivalves;* or those having two shells united by a hinge; such as oysters: 3. *Multivalves;* or those having more than two shells; of which the common barnacle is an example.

6. The THIRD DIVISION is assigned to what are called *Articulated Animals:* these having a peculiar structure called articulations, from *articulus,* Latin for a little joint. It is subdivided into four classes: 1. *Annelides,* or those having a ringed structure, from *annulus,* Latin for ring; leeches and earthworms are examples: 2. *Crustacea;* or those which have their soft bodies and limbs protected by a hard coating or *crust;* which in common language we call shell also; such as lobsters, crabs, and prawns: 3. *Spiders;* which form a class by themselves: 4. *Insects;* such as flies, beetles, bees, and butterflies.

7. The FOURTH DIVISION comprehends a great variety of animals which have a structure like an assemblage

of rays diverging from a common point like the spokes of a carriage wheel; and on this account they are called *Radiated Animals*, from *radius*, the Latin for ray. It contains five classes; but as three of these are animals without hard parts, we may pass them by.

8. Of the remaining two, one contains the *echini*, or sea-urchins; the other, the very numerous tribe called *zoophites;* from two Greek words signifying animal and plant; because the animal is fixed to the ground, and builds its strong habitation in the form of a shrub, or branch, or leafy plant. *Corals* and sponges belong to this class; and among all the different animal remains that are found, there is no class which bears any proportion in point either of frequency of occurrence, or in quantity, to this last.

LESSON XLVI.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

The following is a beautiful illustration of conscientiousness, fully developed, and, of the old adage, that honesty is the best policy. How simply and beautifully has Abd-el-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:—

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother, and half of that was my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming—"Go, my

son, I consign thee to God: we shall not meet until the day of Judgment."

I went on till I came near Hamandnai, when our Kafillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had. "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.—"What have you?" said another: I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoils, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," I replied; "I have forty dinars, sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found the money.

"And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie!*"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief; "be the same in the path of virtue." And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

LESSON XLVII.

ALL IS WELL.

1. When the hum of business has ceased in a populous city; when fainter and still more faint grow the laugh and the revelry, and the heavy tread of the straggler upon the stone pavement has a solitary and unearthly sound; when hushed is every murmur, and midnight broods over the palace and the hut, who, in that still moment, when from turret and from tower peals the passing hour, has not been startled by the cry of "*All is well!*" from the guardian watchman of the night, and been soothed and calmed by the magic of the sound?

2. But all is not well. All is not well with the young mother as she leans over the fevered couch, and wipes the death-damp from the marble brow of her only child: nor with the votary of pleasure as he prays for the dawning of light, hoping to assuage the pain caused by the intoxicating cup: nor with the oppressor of the widow and orphan, as he remembers the agonizing supplications of his victims.

3. All is not well with the statesman, as he beholds the scepter of power and glory passing away forever: nor with the gambler in the gorgeous saloon, as, deeply quaffing spiced wines, he seizes with gaunt and jeweled hand the dice-box, and dashes aside the pleasures of home. Nor is all well with his miserable broken-hearted wife, who has so fondly clung to him, and who will cling to him to the last.

4. To all these, that cry sounds like a funeral knell, and will bring neither hope nor consolation when the last hour of man has been numbered, and his life flick-

ers in the socket. Happy the person who at that moment can look calmly back to the past, and, putting that question to his soul, hear the gladdening, the heart-cheering response from the unerring monitor within, ALL IS WELL.

LESSON XLVIII.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

Written by Miss Davidson in her sixteenth year.

1. I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter;
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

2. The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared, that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.

3. A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,

From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

4. The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

LESSON XLIX.

LEAVING HOME.

1. The lapse of years brought around the time when James was to go away from home. He was to leave the roof of a pious father to go out into the wide world to meet its temptations and to contend with its storms: his heart was oppressed with the many emotions, which were struggling there.

2. The day had come in which he was to leave the fireside of so many enjoyments; the friends endeared to him by so many associations—so many acts of kindness. He was to bid adieu to his mother, that loved benefactor, who had protected him in sickness, and rejoiced with him in health.

3. He was to leave a father's protection, to go forth and act without an adviser, and rely upon his own unaided judgment. He was to bid farewell to brothers and sisters; no more to see them, but as an occasional visitor, at his paternal home. O, how cold and desolate did the wide world appear! How did his heart shrink

from launching forth to meet its tempests and its storms!

4. But the hour had come for him to go, and he must suppress his emotions, and triumph over his reluctance. He went from room to room, looking, as for the last time, upon those scenes, to which imagination would so often recur, and where it would love to linger. The well-packed trunk was in the entry, awaiting the arrival of the stage. Brothers and sisters were moving about, hardly knowing whether to smile or to cry.

5. The father sat at the window, humming a mournful air, as he was watching the approach of the stage, which was to bear his son away to take his place far from home, in the busy crowd of a bustling world. The mother, with all the indescribable emotions of a mother's heart, was placing in a small bundle a few little comforts, such as none but a mother would think of, and with most generous resolution endeavoring to maintain a cheerful countenance, that, as far as possible, she might preserve her son from unnecessary pain in the hour of departure.

6. Here, my son, said she, is a nice pair of stockings which will be soft and warm for your feet. I have run the heels for you, for I am afraid you will not find any one who will quite fill a mother's place. The poor boy was overflowing with emotion, and did not dare to trust his voice with an attempt to reply.

7. I have put a piece of cake here, for you may be hungry on the road, and I will put it in the top of the bundle, so that you can get it without any difficulty. And, in this needle-book, I have placed a few needles and some thread; for you may at times want some little stitch taken, and you will have neither mother nor sisters to go to.

8. The departing son could make no reply. He could

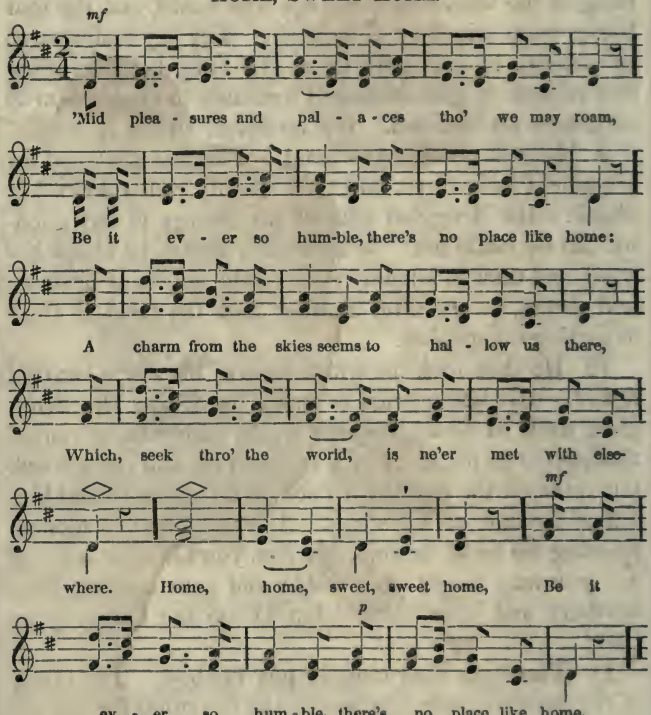
restrain his emotion only by silence. At last the rumbling of the wheels of the stage was heard, and the four horses were reined up at the door. The boy endeavored by activity, in seeing his trunk and other baggage properly placed, to gain sufficient fortitude to enable him to articulate his farewell. He, however, strove in vain.

9. He took his mother's hand. The tear glistened for a moment in her eye, and then silently rolled down her cheek. He struggled with all his energy to say good-by, but he could not. In unbroken silence he shook her hand, and then in silence received the adieus of brothers and sisters, as one after another took the hand of their departing companion.

10. He then took the warm hand of his warm-hearted father. His father tried to smile, but it was the struggling smile of feelings which would rather have vented themselves in tears. For a moment he said not a word, but retained the hand of his son, as he accompanied him out of the door to the stage. After a moment's silence, pressing his hand, he said, My son, you are now leaving us; you may forget your father and your mother, your brothers and your sisters, but O, do not forget your God!

11. The stage door closed upon the boy. The crack of the driver's whip was heard, and the rumbling wheels bore him rapidly away from all the privileges, and all the happiness of his early home. His feelings, so long restrained, now overcame him, and sinking back on his seat, he enveloped himself in his cloak, and burst into tears, where in sadness and silence he sat thinking of the loved home he had left.

HOME, SWEET HOME.



12. 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home:
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

13. I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parents now think of their child;

They look on that moon from their own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

14. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
And sweet peace of mind, which is dearer than all.

15. If I return home overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there;
The bliss I experience whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.

16. Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy home!
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

LESSON L.

"PRESS ON."

1. PRESS on! there's no such word as fail:
Press nobly on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene:
That sun shines on whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

2. Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch—
He fails alone who feebly creeps—
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of Night
Hew down a passage unto Day.

3. Press on! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and Death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail
Gleams (guardian of chivalric deeds)
Bright courage like a coat of mail.

4. Press on! if Fortune plays thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone:
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs: press on! press on!

5. Press on! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest which is born of pain.
Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms
A bird sings from some blighted tree,
And in the dreariest desert blooms
A never-dying rose for thee.

6. Therefore press on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;

Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Comes wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil:
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

PARK BENJAMIN.

LESSON LI.

THE LOST CAMEL.

A DERVIS was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants meeting him, he said to them, "You have lost a camel."

"Indeed, we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervis.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" asked the dervis.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, in all probability you can conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervis, "I have never *seen* your camel, nor ever *heard* of him, but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," replied the dervis.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evi-

dence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervis with great calmness thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

"I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

The story is not without its moral. A habit of observation, of noticing what is going on around us, is of great use in storing the mind with knowledge, and preparing us for usefulness.

LESSON LII.

PETER THE GREAT.

1. One day, as the czar was returning from hunting, he happened to loiter behind the rest of the company, to enjoy the cool air, when, looking around, he observed

a boy standing on the top bar of a stile, looking earnestly about him, upon which he rode briskly up and accosted him with—"Well, my boy, what are you looking for?"

2. "Please your honor," said the boy, "I am looking out for the king." "O," said the emperor, "if you will get up behind me, I will show him to you." The boy mounted, and, as they were riding along, the czar said, "You will know which is the emperor by seeing the rest take off their hats to him."

3. Soon after, the emperor came up to the party, who, much surprised at seeing him so attended, immediately saluted him, when the czar, turning around his head, said, "Now, do you see who is the king?" "Why," replied the boy, archly, "it is one of us two; but I am sure I do not know which, for both of us have our hats on."

LESSON LIII.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

1. This species of pigeon is easily distinguished from all others by the eyes, which are encompassed about with a broad circle of naked, white skin; and by being of a dark blue or blackish color.

2. They derive their name from the service in which they have been employed. They have been, for ages, used to convey speedy messages from place to place, from governors in besieged cities, to generals who are expected to relieve them; they were sent from princes to their subjects, with official dispatches, or from governors of provinces to the seat of general government, with the news of important events.

3. It is attachment to their native place, and particularly where they have brought up their young, that leads

them to seek a return with so much eagerness. They are first brought from the place where they are bred, and whither it is intended to send them back with information. The letter is tied under the bird's wing, and it is then let loose to return.

4. The little creature no sooner finds itself at liberty, than its passion for home directs all its motions. It is first seen flying directly into the air, to an amazing hight, and then, with the greatest certainty and exactness, directing itself, by some surprising instinct, toward its native spot, which often lies far distant.

5. We have no doubt, says a writer in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, it is by the eye alone that the carrier pigeon performs those extraordinary aerial journeys, which have, from the earliest ages, excited astonishment.

6. We have frequently witnessed the experiment made with other pigeons, of taking them to a distance from the dove-cot, expressly to observe their manner of finding their way back, and we feel satisfied that their proceedings are uniformly the same.

7. On being let go from the bag in which they have been carried, to conceal from their notice the objects on the road, they dart off on an irregular excursion, as if it were more to ascertain the reality of their freedom, than to make an effort to return. When they find themselves at full liberty, they direct their flight in circles around the spot whence they have been liberated; not only increasing the diameter of the circle at every round, but rising, at the same time, gradually higher.

8. This is continued as long as the eye can discern the birds; and hence we conclude, that it is also continued after we lose sight of them,—a constantly increasing circle being made, till they ascertain some known object, enabling them to shape a direct course.

9. It is not a little interesting to contrast the proceedings just described with those of a pigeon let off from a balloon elevated above the clouds. Instead of rising in circles like the former, the balloon pigeon drops perpendicularly down like a plummet, till it is able to recognize some indications of the earth below, when it begins to whirl around in a descending spiral, increasing in diameter, for the evident purpose of surveying its locality, and discovering some object previously known, by which to direct its flight.

10. The rapidity with which the carrier pigeon performs long journeys, may perhaps be adduced as an objection to this explanation. M. Antoine, for example, tells us that a gentleman of Cologne, having business to transact at Paris, laid a wager of fifty Napoleons that he would let his friend know of his arrival within three hours; and as the distance is three hundred miles, the bet was eagerly taken.

11. He accordingly took with him two carrier pigeons, which had young at the time; and on arriving at Paris, at ten o'clock in the morning, he tied a letter to each of his pigeons, and dispatched them at eleven precisely.

12. One of them arrived at Cologne at five minutes past one o'clock, and the other nine minutes later; and consequently they had performed nearly a hundred and fifty miles an hour, reckoning their flight to have been in a direct line. But if they took a circular flight, as we have concluded from the above facts, their rapidity must have been much greater.

13. The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, or flies
Where idle wanderers roam.

LESSON LIV.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

1. "How does the water come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third the request of their brother,
And to hear how the water comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store.

2. From its sources, which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains in the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps for a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

3. And thence at departing, awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds, and away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
In tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race, on which it is bent,
It reaches the place of its steep descent.

4. The cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging as if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking, turning and twisting,
Around and around, with endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

5. Collecting, projecting, receding, and speeding,
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,

6. And flowing and going, and running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning, and glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering, and whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering, and hurrying and skurrying,

7. And thundering and floundering,
Dividing, and gliding, and sliding,
And falling, and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving, and riving, and striving,
And sprinkling, and twinkling, and wrinkling,
And sounding, and bounding, and rounding,
And bubbling, and troubling, and doubling,
And grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling,
And clattering, and battering, and shattering;

8. Retreating and beating, and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying, and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming, and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing, and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and wrapping, and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling, and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping, and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing, and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

NOTE.—This lesson is given more for an exercise in articulation than reading. Great care must be taken in the pronunciation.

LESSON LV.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

1. IT was Saturday night, and the widow of the pine cottage sat by her blazing fagots with five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family; for she had no supporter, she thought of no friend, in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep throughout all the surrounding

forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her: it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget His word.

4. Many years before, her eldest son went from his forest home, to try his fortune on the high seas; since which, she had heard no note or tidings from him; and, in the latter time, Providence had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour, she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had even an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and the destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual, who has only his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate, in populous cities, may hope; for Charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her.

6. Such a one was the widow of the pine cottage; but, as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and myste-

rious impulse; and Cowper's beautiful lines came, uncalled, across her mind—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, apparently in indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread."

8. The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not, even now: rest, and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

9. The traveler drew near the board; but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment. "Is this all your store?" said he; "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before! But, madam," said he, continuing, "do not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger."

10. "Ah!" said the poor widow,—and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it,—"I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you, as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as He did for Israel; and how should I, this night, offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer,

destitute as you, and He should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away!"

11. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God indeed has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! O my mother!"

12. It was her long-lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

13. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and, indeed, beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue.

LESSON LVI.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

1. Despise not the day of small things. This sentence contains wisdom and philosophy, as well as Scripture. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means; but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on a humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish. Some men will do better with a capital of sixpence than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with.

2. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street-stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow on the ground, till, by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, drops make the ocean, and so little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly, and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

3. We say, then, do not despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, or a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discouraged because you can not make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, conceived the idea of founding a library, and he began with—what do you suppose?—*two volumes!* But he knew what he was about; for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is *now* the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes!

4. A whale one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that island, and as it continued there for many hours, the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron, with a strong cord attached, with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to the wealth of the people—the incipient introduction to an enterprise which, nearly three quarters of a century ago, extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British parliament.

5. Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, on the question whether the fish takes the hook,

or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposing parties, the "Hooks" and the "Cobble-Joints," who, for two centuries, divided the nation, and maintained a contest not unlike that between the red and the white roses in England.

6. There is a traditionary counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of the pig, whose stupid obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812. There is nothing incredible about it, however; and, as most of our readers are too young to recollect the circumstance, we will venture to relate the anecdote.

7. "Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel; and it so happened that one was the owner of a pig, which had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pig-sty being insufficient to restrain the pig; and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning walk, when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots.

8. "This was the last 'feather:' the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and failed by one vote—the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a senator, the democratic candidate was elected by one vote; and when the question of war with England was before the senate, it was declared by the majority of one vote; so that, but for this pig, we should probably have been saved from this war."

9. It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentle-

man, in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. This gentleman asked the lad what he was doing, and, with great simplicity, the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it an excellent likeness, presented the youth a sixpence. This may be reckoned as the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that arose this greatest of modern artists.

10. Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial dispatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America.

11. So is this world made up of and governed by trifles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of every thing.

LESSON LVII.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

1. How sweet, when weary toils are o'er,
And darkness vails the earth,
To taste those joys that cluster 'round
The fond domestic hearth!

2. To have the wife and smiling group
Await you at the door,
To share the fond embrace and kiss;—
O, who could wish for more!

3. And then within the ivied cot
There's no profusion there;
Yet it contains what ne'er was found
To dwell with prince or peer.

4. O, 'tis the bliss of sweet content—
Of ardent, guileless love:
These make the humblest cottage home
Like Paradise above!

SIDNEY DYER.

LESSON LVIII.

HARMONY AMONG BROTHERS.

Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarreled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted him:—

"Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?"

Demetrius. Certainly it is; for our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased, by sympathetic participation.

Socrates. Among whom, then, must we look for a friend? Would you search among strangers? They can not be interested for you. Among your rivals? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Among those who are older or younger than yourself? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours.

Are there not, then, some circumstances favorable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?

Demetrius. Undoubtedly there are.

Socrates. May we not enumerate among the circumstances favorable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest?

Demetrius. I acknowledge the powerful influence of these circumstances; but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting that are essential to mutual amity.

Socrates. And what are those essentials wanting in Timon?

Demetrius. He has forfeited my esteem and attachment.

Socrates. And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind? Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?

Demetrius. Far be it from me to lay so heavy a charge against him. His conduct to others is, I believe, irreproachable, and it wounds me the more that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness.

Socrates. Suppose you have a very valuable horse, gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable when you attempt to use him, would you not endeavor, by all means, to conciliate his affections, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable? Or, if you have a dog highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way, would you attempt to cure him of his fault by angry looks or words, or by any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth than the services of a horse,

or the attachment of a dog? Why, then, do you delay to put in practice those means, which may reconcile you to Timon?

Demetrius. Acquaint me with those means, for I am a stranger to them.

Socrates. Answer me a few questions. If you were desirous that one of your neighbors should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?

Demetrius. I would first invite him to mine.

Socrates. And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs if you were on a journey?

Demetrius. I should be forward to do the same good office for him in his absence.

Socrates. If you were solicitous to remove a prejudice which he may have received against you, how would you then behave toward him?

Demetrius. I should endeavor to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such prejudice was ill-founded.

Socrates. And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?

Demetrius. No, I would repeat no grievances.

Socrates. Go, and pursue that conduct toward your brother, which you would practice to a neighbor. His friendship is of inestimable worth, and nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven than for brothers to dwell together in unity.

PERCIVAL.

LESSON LIX.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

1. THERE lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is *Jesus Christ*. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet; but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch.

2. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverend; his hair flows in those beauteous shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head; his dress is of the sect of Nazarites; his forehead is smooth and large; his cheek without either spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear, and serene.

3. He rebukes with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language,—his whole address, whether word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beholds him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the whole multitude can not withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate, and wise; in short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems, at present, to be a man of excellent beauty, and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

JOSEPHUS.

LESSON LX.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

1. One Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses, tied near a ruinous, old wooden house in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion, alone, should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

2. On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man,—his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments convinced me that he was blind. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed!

3. It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

4. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew

a picture of the sufferings of our Savior—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death.

5. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

6. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet,—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

7. But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior—when he drew, to the life, His blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—His voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on His enemies:—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

8. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be

able to let his audience down from the hight to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or, perhaps, shocking them by the abruptness of the fall.

9. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!!" Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

WILLIAM WIRT.

LESSON LXI.

TRUST IN GOD.

1. THOU art, O Lord, my only trust
When friends are mingled with the dust,
And all my loves are gone.
When earth has nothing to bestow,
And every flower is dead below,
I look to Thee alone.

2. Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear,
The humble soul, who loves to hear
The lessons of thy word.
When foes around us thickly press,
And all is danger and distress,
There's safety in the Lord.

3. The bosom friend may sleep below
The church-yard turf, and we may go
To close a loved one's eyes:

They will not always slumber there;
We see a world more bright and fair,
A home beyond the skies.

4. And we may feel the bitter dart,
Most keenly rankling in the heart,
By some dark ingrate driven:
In us revenge can never burn;
We pity, pardon, then we turn,
And rest our souls in Heaven.

5. 'Tis Thou, O Lord, who shield'st my head,
And draw'st thy curtains round my bed;
I sleep secure in Thee;
And, oh, may soon that time arrive,
When we before thy face shall live
Through all eternity!

LESSON LXII.

THE BANKER AND THE KING.

1. A CELEBRATED banker once made a visit to the Prussian court to effect some very important negotiations. During his absence from home, the following incidents occurred, which he relates as follows:

2. It was in the year 1805, that business of importance required my speedy presence at the Prussian capital. Our house had not long been established, and as the Prussian government wanted money, I thought it expedient to see their minister myself without delay. The journey was somewhat dangerous, as the state of Germany had become rather precarious.

3. The French had again been so polite as to pay us,

unasked, a visit, and were not likely to look with a very kind eye on a banker who was hastening to the seat of government to lend money. However, I was young, undaunted, of a happy flow of spirits, and cared neither for Napoleon nor any of his adherents.

4. So I bid Anthony, who is my witness, to make himself ready, to place some wine and a dozen pheasants in our chest, and to take his seat in the post-chaise. The pheasants were intended as a present for the Prussian Finance Minister.

5. Like as I do Frankfort, my native city, I felt highly delighted when I arrived at the frontiers of Saxony; but my joy was soon to give way to other sensations. I was always fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine; things which are rarely to be met with in Saxony. It is a wretched country, and their wine is stuff, compared to which our vinegar is nectar.

6. I had traveled three days, and changed horses fifteen times. My bottling establishment was nearly out, when I found myself on the borders of Prussia, a vast desert of sand, where nothing grows but the hungry pine and curly-headed children; yet still they might put better dinners before respectable travelers. It is really a shame, nothing but dry veal, potatoes, and beer!

7. You may judge, gentlemen, of my situation by the fact, that I was obliged to attack the chest, which contained the intended present for the Prussian Minister, and to purloin one of the pheasants. I ordered Anthony to cook it; it was excellent, and so was my last bottle of rhenish. My appetite being satisfied, I mounted my post-chaise again, and proceeded on my journey. Our wheels plowed through the waves of sand as deeply as a three-decker through the billows of the sea.

8. My patience became at length exhausted, and being weary of looking at the sandy surface, I fell asleep. Shortly afterward a terrible shock awakened me. I endeavored to look around, but could not. My feet were fast in the carriage. I was near being killed. In short, the axletree of the chaise, with one of the wheels, was broken.

9. Anthony had fared somewhat better than his master, and he relieved me from my disagreeable situation. Now, gentlemen, you may believe me, this was no joke. There I was, fifteen miles from Berlin, and two from the next village, with a portfolio containing several hundred thousand dollars in papers, and no conveyance.

10. Presently I discovered a carriage traveling the same road. It approached. Two gentlemen occupied the seats: a footman was behind. My resolution was soon taken. I ordered Anthony to get my post-chaise repaired, and to follow me to the Brandenburg hotel, as soon as possible. Thus resolved, I stepped toward the carriage, which had now come up to us.

11. "Gentlemen," said I, lifting my hat civily, "will you be so good as to afford a traveler, whose chaise you see is broken, a seat in your carriage?" "Certainly," said the younger; "please to step in."

12. I did so. The first minutes were passed in surveying the strangers, with whom my happy or unhappy stars, I knew not which, had brought me in contact. I was in a military country, and I was soon convinced that my new companions were military men.

13. The complaisance of these strangers soon restored me to my former good humor; and thinking it my duty to meet their politeness by similar advances, I began to enter into something like conversation with them; they, however, were not the most talkative per-

sons in the world. I spoke of the war which was raging between France and Austria, but I received only a nod. I went over the prospects of Prussia—no answer at all; the old gentleman was as dry as a chip, the young one as shy as a lark.

14. I hate sullenness, especially in young men, and thinking my subjects were perhaps disagreeable, I changed them to the state of the country. I was not very lavish of my praise, and censured the government for not repairing the roads; both gentlemen were extremely attentive, but still more reserved. I had now tried every means to bring them into conversation. At last I spoke of my fare, and of the miserable dinners provided for travelers. They smiled.

15. "What do you think, sir," said I, addressing the young man, "I have dined upon?" A pheasant I knew he never would guess. "I do not know, sir." "Well, guess then," said I. The young man looked significantly, and entering into my humor, returned, "I do not know, indeed; perhaps a shoulder of mutton?"

16. My hand fell involuntarily on his knee. "Higher," said I. "Well, then, perhaps you have dined on a goose?" "Higher," replied I, placing my hand a second time on his knee. "Then it was a chicken," said he. "Higher," replied I, accompanying my word with a third slap. "You have not, surely, dined on a turkey in so poor a country?" "Higher, sir," returned I, striking him for the fourth time on his knee. "Well, then, it must have been a pheasant."

17. "You have hit it, sir; a pheasant brought from Frankfort; and if you will do me the honor of being my guests at the Brandenburg hotel, you shall dine on pheasants too." Neither promised to come, but both smiled. After this dialogue, we rode several miles without speaking a single word, when the young man, in quite a friendly

tone, said, "Now, sir, to ask *you* a question: whom do you think you ride with?"

18. This question was put in the usual brisk tone of a Prussian officer. I looked at the stranger a moment; he was about my age, but much taller. His dress was a plain surtout, and his head was covered with a woolen cap strongly set in leather, with a narrow gold brim. He had a good deal of the military cast. "Well," said I, "I think I have the pleasure of being in company with a military gentleman—a captain?" added I, askingly.

19. "Higher," said the young man, striking me in *his* turn on the knee. The old gentleman now began to laugh. "A major, then?" said I. "Higher," repeated he, slapping me a second time. He understands a joke, thought I. "So young, and already a colonel?" "Higher," said he again, with a fourth slap. He is getting impudent, thought I. I looked confounded at his assurance. "Then I have the honor to be in company with a general," said I, with a sarcastic incredulity. "Higher," he still replied, with another slap.

20. This, I thought, is the most impudent fellow I ever met with; and giving vent to my impatience, I said, "Then you are a field marshal?"

21. We were by this time before the Brandenburg gate. I was fully persuaded that I was treated as a dupe by my companions. The young man's HIGHER, had so confounded me, that I was thunderstruck, when the hats flew off in every direction. Officers and soldiers rushed from the guard-house to their muskets, the drums were beating, the arms presenting, a number of carriages passed through the gate, and, in the confusion of the crowd, thronging from every side, I looked for the royal personage, to whom all these honors were paid. Our carriage whirled fast toward the Brandenburg hotel.

22. Where do you wish to alight?" said the young gentleman. "At the Brandenburg hotel, if you please," was my answer. "There it is," said he. I leaped from the carriage, took my portfolio, and bowing, requested the pleasure of their seeing me at dinner. "You shall see us," said the younger, and off they went.

23. The landlord and waiters of the hotel rushed toward me as I entered the gate, bowing to the ground. The former addressed me by the title of highness. "My name," said I, "is P——, banker, from Frankfort. Do you know the gentleman with whom I arrived?" "Gentleman," repeated the landlord, significantly, "it was the king." "A good joke," said I; "the young fellow was near telling me so himself."

24. "Beg your pardon, banker," said the landlord, "but please to use other terms when you speak of his majesty." "You are not in earnest?" said I. "But I am though; it is the king." The waiters, and fifty other persons who had assembled around me, pledged themselves for the truth of what the landlord had spoken. There was now no doubt; it was the *king* with whom I had made so free!

25. I am a republican, and not afraid of any king in christendom, yet the affair might have become a serious one. I had dropped expressions which I might have kept more wisely to myself. How would he take these things? What might he think of me?—were thoughts which kept me awake for the greater part of the night.

26. The next morning I began the rounds of my visits. I found the finance minister extremely tough. When I returned home, the landlord informed me, that a royal page had been at the hotel, and summoned the banker P—— to the castle.

27. Well, thought I, nothing can happen worse than

hanging, and throwing myself into a hackney-coach, I rolled toward the royal residence of the king. The appointed hour was five. I was conducted through numberless guards into the royal apartments. When the last door opened, I beheld my young traveling companion seated on an ottoman; on his right side was a most beautiful lady; two boys and as many girls were playing in the chamber.

28. A king, thought I, who can enjoy domestic happiness, can not be a tyrant, and I stepped resolutely forward. "This, dear Louise," said his majesty, "is the banker, who so agreeably entertained me yesterday." "Banker P——," said the lovely queen, "we hope you will take a better opinion of our country home with you." She stretched out her hand, and I was permitted to kiss it.

29. Nor was this all. I had to tell my whole adventure over: I, however, omitted the slapping on the knee. In short, I spent the most agreeable hour in my life.

30. The following day, I concluded my money business. The royal condescension had rather too much captivated the otherwise cool banker: I entered somewhat deeply into Prussian money matters—so deeply, that his royal majesty, twelve months afterward, had well-nigh ruined me. I do not know whether I would not have forgiven him for the sake of this hour. However, Frederic William has since honestly paid me both debt and interest.

LESSON LXIII.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

2. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all; all honorable men),
Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

3. He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

4. You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.

5. You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

6. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men;
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

7. But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

8. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See! what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.

9. This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell

10. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is *himself*, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

11. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they were wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

12. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

13. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON LXIV.

POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

1. "WHEN I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and then she would place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head.

2. "When a young man, I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed—'O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'"

3. Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children, young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

4. I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

5. She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

6. But, then, there came a fearful day;
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

7. I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

8. That eve, I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seemed to glow,
As if that hand was there.

9. Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

10. Fierce passions shook me like a reed;
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed
And down I fell and wept.

11. Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;
But oft, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blest mother, was it thine?

12. In foreign lands I traveled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye;—

13. Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

14. And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly *sod*,
"My son—my only one—beware!
Nor sin against thy God."

15. Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul;—
Yet, when, with lordly sway,

16. This brow the pluméd helm displayed,
That guides the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among,—

17. That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!—
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

18. And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Savior dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

LESSON LXV.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

1. READ, and, when you have read, THINK over what has been before your outward eyes. Thinking has a great influence on the mind's eye. Just in the same manner by which a close observer of men and nature will discover ten thousand objects which one who glances superficially at things will never perceive, so will one who thinks discern, with the keen eye of reason, a thousand beauties, and truths, and gems, which the mere surface-skimmer will never know.

2. We have been asked by young men, "Where shall I begin? I have never pursued any one thing, and I do not know what to begin with." We generally reply, BEGIN AT YOUR OWN HEART—LEARN TO THINK. If you read even an ordinary newspaper—if it is worth having at all—it will contain something worth remembering: a fact in history—an occurrence of the present day—a scientific discovery—a stray maxim—a remarkable phenomenon—a record of passing events.

3. Select the valuable, and treasure them up for future use; you do not know of what value they may be to you at some time. And, while endeavoring to practice these teachings ourselves, we have frequently regretted the loss of some fact or narrative which would serve as a most apposite illustration of our argument. Read, we say; read any thing; read every thing which will compensate the mind for its labor; but DO NOT read the flimsy trash and injurious creations of the novelist or the libertine.

4. Shun the meretricious follies of romance, and you will find in the truthful narratives of history, and dis-

coveries and adventures of explorers, more of romance and truth than ever embellished the morbid creations of the novelist. Read and think, and soon, if you have a mind, that mind will develop its particular bent, and the sublime hights of mathematics, the varied and lovely field of the botanist, the strong, practical teachings of physics and natural science, the open realm of chemical investigation, or the delightful walks of literature, will each fall, in turn, into the pathway of its chosen worshipers.

5. AIM HIGH! There is nothing gained by setting up a low standard of attainment. If a man is determined to reach the top of the ladder, he will doubtless find himself much nearer to it than if he were to say, "I can not do that!" and rest at or near the bottom. Do not be ashamed to let others know you are looking forward to great things. They may laugh at you for your temerity, and, if you are humble in position, they may sneer at you for your pains. SNEERS ARE CHEAP WITH NARROW SOULS. You may set down all such as being essentially hopeless themselves. A noble-minded man will always encourage, and, if possible, assist.

6. Let your failure not be based upon the mocks and sneers of craven-spirited companions: let your triumph be built upon the plaudits of the wise and the generous. There is no object to be gained by contenting one's self with small attainments. If knowledge, or wealth, or reputation, are desirable, they are desirable in the highest degree, if they are properly improved; and we would say to all, attain all three—attain all you can, and that in the greatest amount; and, having attained, use them with wisdom and discrimination. Do not stand still, and say you have no capital, or no talent, or no friends. Firmness of purpose and integrity of character, perseverance, and industry, will be rewarded.

7. TAKE THE FIRST STEP! If you are ever to be any thing, you must make a beginning; and you must make it yourself. The world is getting to be too practical to help drones and push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers, who, if any thing, live too fast. You must lift your own feet; and if you have a pair of clogs on, which clatter about your heels, they will soon be worn off, and left behind on the dusty pathway. Mark out the line which you prefer; let Truth be the object-glass, Honesty the surveying-chain, and Eminence the level with which you lay out your field; and, thus prepared, with Prudence on one arm, and Perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle.

8. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance, and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second. But if your first step should break down, TRY AGAIN. It will be surer and safer by the trial. Besides, if you never move, you will never know your own power. A man standing still, declaring his inability to walk, without making the effort, would be a general laughing-stock; and so, morally, is the man, in our opinion, who will not test his own moral or intellectual power, and then gravely assure us he has "no genius," or "no talent," or "no capacity." A man with seeing eyes keeping them shut, and complaining that he can not see! The trumpeter of his own imbecility!

9. CULTIVATE LARGENESS OF SOUL! Selfishness is too common in our world. We do not feel that our neighbor has a claim upon us, and we have a claim upon him. We are all sensitive enough about our own interests, but blind to those of others; and if we all knew and felt the mutual relationship by which society is interwoven, and could recognize the nearness of interest which exists between us, human society would be unlike what it is at present.

10. Be generous to all around you; the example will have a reflex power, and, at some future time, it may tell powerfully upon your own life. Let the influence of your whole soul be felt in favor of a noble beneficence. Deal justly; but whenever occasion offers, do not be backward to assist the deserving. It matters not that you never received such assistance—it would have been like water to your thirsty soul; and when it is in your power, give it to another. Your good deeds may tell on a coming generation.

11. The man and woman who tossed coppers to the poor singing student in the streets of Erfurt, had little thought they were aiding him who should be the agent in sending a thunderbolt into the Vatican which should shiver the foundations of the Papal throne, and rend the night of despotism and gloom. When a faithful Sunday-school teacher invited the ragged Sabbath-breaker into the Sunday-school, and gave him a decent garment, he little thought that he was laying the train by which the millions of China would receive the Bible, through the hands of a Morrison.

12. And when George House, of whom Franklin speaks in his personal narrative, brought the "countryman his five shillings," he knew not that the printer was only the early development of one of the greatest philosophers of modern times. Be noble—be generous—and you may live to know that you have cheered another Franklin, and multiplied your influence as did George House, in his hands; for, as Franklin observes, the gratitude he felt toward House often made him more ready than perhaps he would otherwise have been to assist young beginners.

13. Do not give up for trifles! If your object be grand, only grand difficulties should be heeded—trifling hindrances should not stand in the way any more than

a pebble before a triumphal car. The strong and resolute surmount all difficulties; and though their success may not be brilliant, they will die in full confidence that their works will live. Like John Fitch, when he said he would "repose where the song of the boatman would enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the noise of the steam-engine sooth his spirit!" let the resolve be to bequeath, at least, an example of perseverance and usefulness, if no very great achievement, to the coming generation.

14. Do not stand still! If you do, you will be run over. Motion—action—progress: these are the words which now fill the vault of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart pulsate with a stronger bound. Advance, or stand aside; do not block up the way, and hinder the career of others: there is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere in any one.

15. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known; wider in magnitude, closer in intercourse, more nearly allied in interest, more loving, and more eventful than of old: not in deeds of carnage; not in the ensanguined field; not in chains and terrors; not in blood, and tears, and gloom; but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilarating impulses of a better birth of the soul. Young man! are you doing your part in this work?

Wm. Oland Bourne.

3. Ap′ po site, *suitable.*
4. Mer e tri′ cious, *gaudy; false; alluring by false show.*
5. Te mer′ i ty, *boldness.*
6. Crā′ ven, *a coward.*
11. Vat′ i can, *the church of St. Peter's, in Rome.*
13. Tri umph′ al, *celebrating victory.*
15. En san′ guined, *stained with blood.*

LESSON LXVI.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother—
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home!*
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found:
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;—
We're all—all here!

We *are* all here!
Even they, the dead—though dead, so dear!
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold—
They're round us as they were of old;—
We *are* all here!

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother;
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said—
Soon must we join the gathered dead;

And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O, then that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below;
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

LESSON LXVII.

SHAKING HANDS.

1. THERE are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that there has been much speculation upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to handle so important a matter as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands.

2. It is a theme on which I have myself theorized considerable; and I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

3. I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not shake them.

4. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up

in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and, as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced.

5. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage, it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there any thing in the Chronicles, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us. Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms.

6. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted.

7. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

8. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as

the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties.

9. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane, strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the pump-handle shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them.

10. I had two acquaintances, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the pump-handle shake, and the other had brought home the pendulum from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoring to pump, and the other to paddle, their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal, in which line they ever after shook. But it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

11. The *tournequet* shake is the next in importance. It takes its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood, in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend.

12. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your

friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tournequet* shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons.

13. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the tournequet shake with such severity as nearly reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's finger got well enough to hold a pen.

14. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent traveling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

15. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

16. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by the ladies. They can not be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers, and the prude major allows you to touch even then only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whole of the fore finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

17. I might go through a list of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense;* but

these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, under the pump-handle, the pendulum, and the tournequet; as the *loving pat*, the *touch romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced, in their main movements, to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, the Peter Grievous touch, and the prude major and minor.

18. I should trouble the reader with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters; but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the pump-handle, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

EDWARD EVERETT.

NOTE.—This article is evidently intended as a satirical burlesque on the extreme awkwardness manifested by many in "shaking hands." Would not a little instruction by the teacher be advisable in several little matters usually classed under the head "etiquette?"

LESSON LXVIII.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

1. 'TIS midnight's closing hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud: the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young spring, bright summer, autumn's solemn form,
And winter with his aged locks—and breathe

In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year—
Gone from the earth forever.

2. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

3. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on the brow,
Its shadows in each heart.

4. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful;
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

5. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,

Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mold'ring skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

6. Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

7. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations:

8. Yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless; and pauses not

Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

G. D. PRENTICE.

LESSON LXIX.

SINCLAIR AND THE DOCTOR.

Puffer. Your humble servant, sir; walk in, sir; sit down, sir. My master will wait on you in a moment, sir; he is busy dispatching some patients, sir. I'll tell him you are here, sir. Be back in a moment, sir.

Sinclair. No, no. I only wish to inquire—

P. Right, sir; you could not have applied to a more able physician. My master understands physic as fundamentally as I do my mother tongue, sir.

S. He appears to have an able advocate in you.

P. I do not say this, sir, because he is my master; but 'tis really a pleasure to be his patient, and I should rather die by his medicines, than be cured by those of any other; for, whatever happens, a man may be certain that he has been *regularly* treated; and should he die under the operation, his heirs would have nothing to reproach him for.

S. That must be a great comfort to a dead man!

P. To be sure, sir; who would not wish to die methodically? Besides, my master is not one of those doctors who husband the disease of their patients. He loves to dispatch business; and if they are to die, he lends them a helping hand.

S. There is nothing like dispatch in business.

P. That is true, sir. What is the use of so much hem-

ming and hawing, and beating around the bush? I like to know the long and short of a distemper at once.

S. Right, undoubtedly.

P. Right! Why, there were three of my children, whose illness he did me the honor to take care of, who all died in less than four days, when, in another's hands, they might have languished as many months. But here comes the doctor; he will examine your case, and at once decide whether it is hopeless. Sir, this gentleman is desirous of consulting—

Doctor. I perceive it, sir; he is a dying man. Do you eat well, sir?

S. Eat! yes, sir, perfectly well.

Dr. Bad, very bad; the epigastric region must be shockingly disordered. How do you drink, sir?

S. Nobody drinks better, sir.

Dr. So much the worse. The great appetition of frigid and humid, is an indication of the great heat and aridity within. Do you sleep soundly?

S. Yes, always.

Dr. This indicates a dreadful torpidity of the system; and, sir, I pronounce you a dead man. After considering the diagnostic and prognostic symptoms, I pronounce you attacked, affected, possessed, and disordered, by that species of mania termed hypochondria.

P. Undoubtedly, sir; my master never mistakes, sir.

Dr. But for an incontestable diagnostic, you may perceive his distempered ratiocination, and other pathog-no-mon-ic symptoms of this disorder.

P. What will you order him, sir?

Dr. First, a thorough salivation.

P. But should this have no effect?

Dr. We shall then know the disease does not proceed from the humors.

P. What shall we try next, sir?

Dr. Bleeding, twice a day, for five or six days.

P. If he should grow worse and worse, what then?

Dr. It will prove the disease is not in his blood.

P. What application would you then recommend?

Dr. My infallible sudorific. Sweat him off five pounds a day, and his case can not long remain doubtful. This, you know, is my *regular* course, and never fails to kill or cure.

P. I congratulate the gentleman upon falling into your hands, sir. He must consider himself happy in having his senses disordered, that he may experience the efficacy and gentleness of the remedies you have proposed.

S. What does all this mean, gentlemen? I do not understand your nonsense.

Dr. Such injurious language is a diagnostic we wanted, to confirm our opinion of his distemper.

S. Are you crazy, gentlemen? I am not sick. [*Spits on his hand and raises his cane.*]

Dr. Another diagnostic!—frequent sputation.

S. You better be done, and make off.

Dr. Another diagnostic!—anxiety to change place. We will fix you, sir. Your disease—

S. I have no disease, sir.

Dr. A bad symptom, when a patient is insensible of his illness.

S. I am well, sir, I assure you; and having lost my way, only called to inquire the most direct route to the city. But I have heard enough from you, and will inquire of a more *rational* person.

FOWLE'S DIALOGUES.

Ep i gas' tric, *pertaining to the upper and anterior part of the abdomen.* Ap pe ti' tion, *desire.* A rid' i ty, *dryness.* Tor pid' i ty, *stupidity, dullness.* Di ag nos' tic, *distinguishing.* Prog nos' tic, *indicating something future.* Ra tioc i nā' tion, (ra shos e nā' shun,) *reasoning.* Su dor if' ic, *a medicine that produces sweat.* Spu tā' tion, *act of spitting.*

LESSON LXX.

TRUE WISDOM.

1. But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Nor can it be found in the land of the living.
The deep saith, It is not with me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It can not be gotten for gold,
Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof.

2. It can not be purchased with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it;
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of crystal,
For wisdom is more precious than pearls.
The topaz of Ethiopia can not equal it;
Nor can it be purchased with the purest gold.

3. Whence, then, *cometh* wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
Since it is hidden from the eyes of all the living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and Death say,
We have heard of its fame with our ears.
God only knoweth the way to it;
He only knoweth its dwelling-place;
For He seeth to the ends of the earth,
And surveyeth all things under the whole heaven.

4. When He gave the winds their weight,
And adjusted the waters by measure;
When He prescribed laws to the rain,
And a path to the glittering thunderbolt;

Then did He see it, and make it known;
He established it, and searched it out;
But He said unto man,
Behold, the fear of the Lord! that is is thy wisdom;
And to depart from evil, thy understanding.

DR. CHEEVER'S HEBREW POETS.

LESSON LXXI.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PHILISTINES.

1. OCCASIONS drew me early to the city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street; little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games:
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
2. The building was a spacious theater
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit, in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
3. The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes,

And timbrels,—on each side went arméd guards,
Both horse and foot,—before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

4. He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place ; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force ;
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the archéd roof gave main support.

5. He, unsuspicious, led him ; which, when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :—
"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld ;
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

6. This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed :
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew

The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

MILTON.

LESSON LXXII.

THE GRAVE OF AARON BURR.

1. We envy not the man who, unmoved, can gaze on the grave of Colonel Burr. It is one of the most desolate places that we have ever seen. There is no monumental pile or sculptured marble standing over it, to evince the affection, or even respect, of a single soul: not so much as a rough, unhewn stone marks the head or the foot of him who once held such sway over the minds and feelings of men.

2. Wild grass and poisonous weeds form the sod that partly covers him. The rest of the surface of the grave is sterile clay, yielding no verdant plant or shrub. The stranger treads upon the spot and regards it not, until he is told that he stands over the remains of Burr.

3. How changed the scene, when from this unmarked spot we turn to the sleeping-place of the father of Burr! Over it there is no towering monument; but there is a massive tombstone, on which are chiseled the deeds of the loved and honored President of New Jersey College.

The grave of the son is only designated by its being at the foot of the father's.

4. As the visitor stands over the grave, many scenes in the checkered and eventful life of Burr crowd upon his recollection. He remembers the 6th of February, 1756, when Burr first saw that light through which misdirected zeal led him to so many deeds of woe.

5. He calls to mind the death of both his parents, while he was only three years old; the handsome fortune that was bequeathed an orphan son; the four days' abscondance from his preceptor, when, too, he was a child of four years' growth; the runaway from Mr. Edwards, for the purpose of going to sea, while he was in his eleventh year; and the entrance of Princeton College at the early age of twelve, where he graduated at the age of sixteen, taking the honors of his class in spite of a moral character that evoked much disapprobation.

6. He reflects upon him as a volunteer in the American revolution, and a soldier in the celebrated expedition of Arnold to Quebec; as an aid to General Putnam, and a conferee of the title of lieutenant-colonel. He follows him to the study of law, and admittance to the Albany bar in 1782; to the Senate in 1791; and to the second place in the high gift of the American people in 1801.

7. He beholds him the destroyer of Hamilton; the reveler in intolerable licentiousness; the intended establisher of an empire beyond the great father of rivers, of which he was to be emperor, and the Crescent City the great capital. He sees him arraigned before the tribunal of his country, and acquitted for want of that overt proof which his own far-stretching cunning had enveloped in impenetrable clouds.

8. And, finally, he follows him from Staten Island, where, in 1836, he closed his miserable career, to the

cemetery at Princeton, to be interred with the honors of war, and to molder in a grave upon which the curses of injured virtue and the rewards of vicious ambition are to rest forever.

9. The life, the death, and the grave of Colonel Burr carry their own moral. The simple facts tell a tale that needs no comment. Words need not inform us that genius, however transcendent, unless virtue is one of its elements, can not attain eminence on which an uncloud-ed sun will forever beam.

LESSON LXXIII.

DEATH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

1. A SHORT time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately, hung with transport.

2. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb, there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light, how dimly shines the splendor of victory! how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble which seemed to have so much

solidity has burst, and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced; the sad and solemn procession has moved; the badge of mourning has already been decreed; and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues.

4. Just tributes of respect, and to the living useful: but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing! Approach and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness—ye emulous of his talents and his fame—approach and behold him now.

5. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements! no fascinated throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! A shroud! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of him? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

6. My brethren! we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten?

7. Ask the hero; ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He *will* tell you, did I say? He has *already* told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning, and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I

have recommended; choose the Savior I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and if you would rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in GOD."

ELIPHALET NOTT.

2. Phan' toms, *a fancied vision.*
3. Eu' lo gy, *praise.*
4. Em' u lous, *desirous to excel.*
5. Fas' cin ate, *to charm.* Sub ter rā' ne ous, *being under the surface of the earth.* Trans' i to ry, *passing without stay.*
7. Ad mo ni' tion, *advice.*

NOTE.—Alexander Hamilton was one of the most distinguished and eloquent sons of New York. He was killed (in a duel) by Aaron Burr, at Weehawk, New Jersey (opposite New York city), July 11, 1804. The stigma of the duel rests alone on Burr.

LESSON LXXIV.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1. "WILL you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there."
"O, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask it is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high,
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly;
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you'd like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"O, no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

3. Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry a store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"O, no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that can not be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and do not wish to see."

4. "Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in a moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," said she, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtile web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;

6. "Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, and mine are dull as lead!"
Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by!
With buzzing wing she hung aloof, then near and nearer drew—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

7. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came down again!
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

LESSON LXXV.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

"It is true, there are shadows as well as lights, clouds as well as sunshine, thorns as well as roses; but it is a happy world, after all."

1. "I WOULD not live alway!" yet 'tis not that here
There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love;
The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,
Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above:
And dark though the storms of adversity rise—
Though changes dishearten, and dangers appall—
Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,
And a FATHER'S kind providence rules over all.

2. "I would not live alway!" and yet, oh, to die!
With a shuddering thrill how it palsies the heart!
We may love, we may pant for, the glory on high,
Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.
There are ties of deep tenderness drawing us down,
Which warm 'round the heart-strings their tendrils will weave;
And Faith, reaching forth for her heavenly crown,
Still lingers, embracing the friends she must leave.

3. "I would not live alway!" because I am sure
There's a better, a holier rest in the sky;
And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,
Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.

O, visions of glory, of bliss, and of love,
Where sin can not enter, nor passion enslave,
Ye have power o'er the heart, to subdue or remove
The sharpness of death, and the gloom of the grave!

4. "I would not live alway!" yet 'tis not that time,
Its loves, hopes, and friendships, cares, duties, and joys,
Yield nothing exalted, nor pure, nor sublime,
The heart to delight, or the soul to employ;
No! an angel might oftentimes sinlessly dwell
'Mid the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given;
And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,
To the pure 'tis the emblem and gateway of heaven.

5. "I would not live alway!" and yet, while I stay
In this Eden of Time, 'mid these gardens of earth,
I'd enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may,
And gain with their treasures whate'er they are worth:
I would live, as if life were a part of my heaven;
I would love, as if love were a part of its bliss;
And I'd take the sweet comforts, so lavishly given,
As foretastes of that world, in portions, in this.

6. "I would not live alway!" yet willingly wait,
Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam,
Ever ready and girded, with spirits elate,
To obey the first call that shall summon me home.
O, yes! it is better, far better to go,
Where pain, sin, and sorrow can never intrude;
And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,
And expecting the BETTER, rejoice in the GOOD.

W. CUTTER.

LESSON LXXVI.

APPETITE.

1. The young man walks in the midst of temptation to appetite, the improper indulgence of which is in danger of proving his ruin. Health, longevity, and virtue depend on his resisting these temptations. The providence of God is no more responsible, because a man by improper indulgence becomes subject to disease, than for the picking of his pockets. For a young man to injure his health, is to waste his patrimony and destroy his capacity for virtuous deeds.

2. Should man love God, he would have ten times the strength for the exercise of it, with a sound body. Not only the amount, but the quality of man's labor depends on his health. Not only lying lips, but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. The productions of the poet, the man of science, or the orator, must be affected by his health. The man who neglects to control his appetites, is to himself what a state of barbarism is to society—the brutish part predominates. He is to himself what Nicholas is to Hungary.

3. Men buy pains, and the purveyor and the market-man bring home disease. Our pious ancestors used to bury the suicide where four roads met; yet every gentleman or lady who lays the foundation of disease with turtle soup or lobster salad, as really commits suicide as if they used the rope or the pistol; and were the old law revived, how many who are now honored with a resting-place at Auburn, would be found on the cross-roads! Is it nothing amazing that a man, invited to a repast worthy of the gods, should stop to feed on garbage; or, when called to partake of the Circean cup, should stop to guzzle with swine?

4. If young men imagine that the gratification of appetite is the great source of enjoyment, they will find this in the highest degree with industry and temperance. The epicure, who sees it in a dinner which costs five dollars, will find less enjoyment of appetite than the laborer who dines on a shilling. If the devotee of appetite desires its highest gratification, he must not send for buffalo tongues, but climb a mountain or swing an ax. Without health, there is no delicacy that can provoke an appetite. Whoever destroys his health, turns the most delicious viands into ipecac and aloes.

5. The man that is physically wicked, does not live out half his days, and he is not half alive while he does live. However gracious God may be with the heart, he never pardons the stomach. Let a young man pursue a course of temperance, sobriety, and industry, and he may retain his vigor till threescore years and ten, with his cup of enjoyment full, and depart painlessly: as the candle burns out in its socket, he will expire.

6. But look at the opposite. When a man suffers his appetite to control him, he turns his dwelling into a lazar-house, whether he lives in a hovel, clothed in rags, or the splendid mansion and gorgeous clothing of the upper ten.

7. Let every young man look on this picture and on that, and tell which he will choose. Society despises the wretch who debases himself, and treats him as the wild horses do their intractable members—get him inside of a ring, and kick him to death.

HORACE MANN.

---

1. Pat′ ri mo ny, *an estate derived from a father or other ancestor.*

3. Pur vey′ or, *one who provides victuals.* Gar′ bage, *filthy food.* Cir cē′ an, *bewitching.*

4. Dev o tee′, *one devoted.*

6. La′ zar-house, *a resort for persons afflicted with nauseous diseases.*

LESSON LXXVII.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

1. Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

2. That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

3. Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous 'round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingéd day.

4. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

1. THE world is in a ceaseless toil for happiness; and yet not one in a hundred ever obtains what he has considered the desideratum of worldly felicity. If by constant effort and good fortune, one now and then overcomes all obstacles, and forces his way to the long-cherished object of an anxious life, it is more than likely that he will still be unsatisfied with his success, and become the victim of disappointment, even in the possession of all he once held to be the beau-ideal of earthly hope and desire.

2. Let those who are anxiously seeking and constantly laboring for future ease and comfort at a more advanced period of life, consider whether they may not even now have all the necessary means of happiness within their reach. Let them inquire, whether, in their solicitude for future good, they may not be losing present hours of real pleasure. Surrounded as we are by the elements of sorrow and misery, we often, and perhaps generally, have the choice of happiness or wretchedness left to ourselves.

3. The truth that "the mind is its own place," must be more widely known, and more deeply felt, ere we look in the right direction for the approach of earthly bliss and

millennial glory. Mankind are prone to look without, and not within themselves for happiness. Instead of cultivating the virtues and graces of the heart—instead of qualifying and accomplishing the intellect, and making a home for happiness within their own souls, their whole genius and capacity are bent on arranging outward conditions and circumstances.

4. An imposing mansion, a gilded equipage, and a sumptuous wardrobe, are often the requisites for enjoyment in the imagination of many a worldling. If these are not given him, he is ever miserable in his vain and envious efforts; or, if he at length receives them, after long years of unceasing toil, he finds, too late, that peace and contentment are not brought with their possession. The discontented and unsatisfied disposition must ever remain unhappy; while those who labor for what they never can obtain, will surely be doomed to a life of disappointment and vexation.

5. Those persons are to be pitied, who find the burden of their enjoyments only in the whirl of excitements and the gathering of assemblies; and they are greatly deceived, who leave the quiet fireside and domestic circle, to chase for happiness up and down the winding avenues of the gay world: they will find, when strength and patience have been exhausted, that they have pursued only a phantom.

6. Happiness is not to be run after. It is not won by changing our circumstances, but by improving and changing ourselves and our hearts. If it comes not to quiet homes and healthful bodies, it is vain to seek for it in the crowded mart or public throng. It is true, we may for a moment forget our misery amid the frivolous array of fashion, or the craziness of dissipation; but to expect positive happiness therefrom, is as absurd as to look for sunbeams in a wandering cloud of midnight.

7. Every truly happy person finds his bliss in his own bosom; it is a part of his nature and his life. There he has a world within a world; and if left to himself, and shut out from intercourse with his fellow-men, he can retire and amuse himself with his own pleasurable and innocent thoughts. His happiness not being dependent on others, he is consequently the most independent of beings.

8. Contented in the sphere which Providence has assigned him, he never mourns or murmurs over his worldly fate and fortune; but with a cheerful heart and a steady purpose he pursues the path of life, assisting the needy and consoling the afflicted, and feels at every discharge of duty a blissful thrill of pleasure, and an ever attending consciousness of Divine approbation.

EZRA D. BARKER.

LESSON LXXIX.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

1. AT a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink; demonstrating it, quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When he sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked leave to say a few words.

2. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been very intemperate, was at length persuaded, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, struggling with his habit fearfully; till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around.

3. "They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—died a raving madman."

4. The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add: "That young man was my son, and the clergyman was the Rev. Doctor who has just addressed the assembly!"

LESSON LXXX.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

1. The circumstances which induced the writing of the following most touching and thrilling lines, are as follows: A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger, on the subject of Temperance.

2. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance;—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

3. Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

4. Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside;
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

5. Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strew'd all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

6. Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow:
Go catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

7. Go to thy mother's side
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame, and wither'd brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;

8. With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promis'd eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the curséd cup;
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright;
And chained her there 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!

And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child!

9. Go hear and feel, and see and know,
All that MY SOUL hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone:
Think if its flavor you will try!
When all proclaim, 'tis drink and die!

10. Tell me I HATE the bowl—
HATE is a feeble word:
I LOATHE—ABHOR—MY VERY SOUL
WITH STRONG DISTRUST IS STIRR'D—
When I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL.

LESSON LXXXI.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

1. HE kneels! the Savior of mankind! on ground
Now hallow'd by his presence. All alone
He kneels; his own disciples, favor'd most
Both by his love and blessings—even *they*
Have left their Master now; and wearied lie,
Buried in sleep 'neath yonder trees; their faith
Hath proved too weak to aid them to endure
The sight of this dread conflict of their Lord.

2. Evening steals on, and throws her mournful vail
O'er the sad garden; quiet reigns around
Fitted for such a scene. The Savior's eyes
Are raised to heav'n, where soon, his earthly pain

Is to be recompensed with bliss intense.
He is in prayer—in prayer almost too strong
For the weak mortal frame which doth enshrine
A soul Divine. Now from His quiv'ring lips
In fervent supplication burst the words,
"Father! this cup—Oh! let it pass away!
Yet, Father! not My will, but Thine be done."

3. He sinks to earth again: yes! prostrate lies
On the cold earth, the Savior of the world!
But, see! what bright angelic form appears
Radiant with light. His golden pinions closed,
A seraph he alights on yonder mound,
And to the much-enduring Lamb of God
Imparts celestial strength. "Savior," he saith,
"Thy God is with Thee; well-nigh hast Thou reach'd
Thy final taste of earthly agony;
One conflict more, and everlasting bliss
Unspeakable, shall crown Thy conquering head.
Soon shalt Thou take Thy throne at God's right hand,
And quaff eternally the cup of joy."

4. The cherub ceases, but his words infuse
Sweet balm into the Savior's troubled breast.
He rises from the ground; His step regains
Its wonted majesty: serene and calm
He slowly leaves the garden, late the scene
Of His sad agony, for us endured.

LESSON LXXXII.

WOMAN AT HOME.

1. Such is the position in society which many estimable women are called upon to fill, that unless they

have stored their minds with general knowledge during the season of youth, they never have the opportunity of doing so afterward. How valuable, then, is such a store to draw upon for thought, when the mind throughout the day is busily employed, and sometimes when the head is weary!

2. It is then that knowledge not only sweetens labor, but often, when the task is ended, and a few social friends are met together, it comes forth unbidden, in those glimpses of illumination, which a well-informed, intelligent woman, is able to strike out of the humblest material.

3. It is then that, without the slightest display, her memory helps her to throw in those apt allusions, which clothe the most familiar objects in borrowed light, and make us feel, after having enjoyed her society, as if we had been introduced to a new and more intelligent existence than we had enjoyed before.

4. But it would be impossible for an ignorant, and, consequently, a short-sighted, prejudiced woman, to exercise this influence over us. We soon perceive the bounds of the narrow circle within which she reasons with *self*, even in the center: we detect the opinions of others in her own, and we feel the vulgarity with which her remarks may turn upon ourselves the moment we are absent.

5. But how different is the enjoyment, the *repose* we feel, in the society of a well-informed woman, who has acquired, in early youth, the habit of looking beyond the little affairs of every-day existence—from matter to mind, from action to principle, from time to eternity! The gossip of society, that many-toned organ of discord, seldom reaches her; even *slander*, which so often slays the innocent, she is in many cases able to discern.

6. Under all the little crosses and perplexities which

necessarily belong to household care, she is able to look calmly at their comparative insignificance, and thus they can never disturb her peace; while, in all the pleasures of intellectual and social intercourse, it is her privilege to give as bountifully as she receives. MRS. ELLIS.

LESSON LXXXIII.

A FRIEND.

1. Celestial Happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven: the bosom of a friend.—YOUNG.

2. WHEN the sad mind, oppressed with care,
Stands tottering with a load of grief,
And prospects black point to despair,
What form is that which holds relief?
A Friend.

3. When pain and anguish rack the frame,
Extort the groan, or heave the sigh;
When fever sucks the vital flame,
What can illume the deep-sunk eye?
A Friend.

4. When doubt or fear o'erwhelms the mind,
And darkness thick obscures the ray,
Whose kind advice will help to find,
Who mark the road to wisdom's way?
A Friend.

5. When calumny base, with snaky tongue
And poisonous slander, slime the name;

What soul starts forth to share the wrong:
Who's champion then for injured fame?
A Friend.

6. Is beauty gone? are riches fled?
Do adverse gales blow bleak and fast?
Who'll pillow poverty's lone head,
And fondly lull each care to rest?
A Friend.

7. Does folly taint old age or youth?
Do foul affections clog the soul?
Who kindly points the path to truth:
Who dares our errors to control?
A Friend.

8. And who in sweetest hours of mirth,—
Who, who can highten every joy,
Add bliss to bliss, make heaven of earth,
Give pleasure zest without alloy?
A Friend.

9. Who, in retirement's lonely shade,
Can give to Nature charms more sweet;
Enchantment add to every glade,
And fill with life each soft retreat?
A Friend.

10. At length, when death with sturdy gloom
And meager aspect stalks in view;
Who'll smooth the passage to the tomb,
And kiss a sweet—a sad adieu?
A Friend.

11. Say, every heart;—say, angels; say,
Is there a name than FRIEND more dear?
When guilty man despairing lay,
What name did then the Savior bear?
A Friend.

12. A Friend!—O God; a Friend most dear,
Though others false, or change to dust,
Or distant far,—still Thou art near,
Forever kind, and true, and just—
A Friend.

13. Then come, dear Jesus! seize my heart,
And other friends no more I'll mourn;
Content with all for Thee to part,
Till death safe lands me in Thy bourne.

LESSON LXXXIV.

COLUMBUS.

Written by Miss Lucretia M. Davidson in her sixteenth year.

1. What must have been the feelings of Christopher Columbus, when, for the first time, he knelt and clasped his hands, in gratitude, upon the shores of his newly-discovered world? Year after year has rolled away; war, famine, and fire have alternately swept the face of that country; the hand of tyranny hath oppressed it; the footstep of the slave hath wearily trodden it; the blood of the slaughtered hath dyed it; the tears of the wretched have bedewed it; still, even at this remote period, every feeling bosom will delight to dwell upon this brilliant era in the life of the persevering adventurer.

2. At that moment his name was stamped upon the records of history forever; at that moment, doubt, fear, and anxiety fled, for his foot had pressed upon the threshold of the promised land. The bosom of Columbus hath long since ceased to beat—its hopes, its fears, its projects, sleep, with him, the long and dreamless

slumber of the grave: but while there remains one generous pulsation in the human breast, his name and his memory will be held sacred.

3. When the cold dews of uncertainty stood upon his brow; when he beheld nothing but the wide heavens above, the boundless waters beneath and around him,—himself and his companions in that little bark, the only beings upon the endless world of sky and ocean; when he looked back and thought upon his native land; when he looked forward, and in vain traversed the liquid desert, for some spot upon which to fix the aching eye of anxiety; oh! say, amidst all these dangers, these uncertainties, whence came that high unbending hope, which still soared onward to the world before him? whence that undying patience, that more than mortal courage, which forbade his cheek to blanch amid the storm, or his heart to recoil in the dark and silent hour of midnight?

4. It was from God—it was of God! *His* Spirit overshadowed the adventurer! By day, an unseen cloud directed him—by night, a brilliant, but invisible column moved before him, gleaming athwart the boundless waste of waters. The winds watched over him, and waves upheld him, for God was with him,—the whirlwind passed over his little bark, and left it still riding onward, in safety, toward its unknown harbor,—for the eye of Him who pierces the deep was fixed upon it.

5. Columbus had hoped, feared, and had been disappointed; he had suffered long and patiently; he had strained every faculty, every nerve; he had pledged his very happiness upon the discovery of an unknown land; and what must have been the feelings of his soul, when, at length bending over that very land, his grateful bosom offered its tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Being who had guarded and guided him through death and danger?

6. He beheld the bitter smile of scorn and derision fade before the reality of that vision, which had been ridiculed and mocked at; he thought upon the thousand obstacles which he had surmounted; he thought upon those who had regarded him as a self-devoted enthusiast —a visionary madman, and his full heart throbbed in gratitude to Him whose Spirit had inspired him, whose voice had sent him forth, and whose arm had protected him.

LESSON LXXXV.

THE WISH.

Tell me, ye wingéd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell—
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows 'round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot—
Some island, far away,
Where weary man might find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud, the moon withdrew in woe,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where man is fully blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes! in Heaven."

CHARLES MACKAY.

LESSON LXXXVI.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

1. COULD I call around me, in one vast assembly, the young men of this nation, I would say—Hopes of my country, blessed be ye of the Lord, now in the day of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders, surround your way. Look at the generations that have just preceded you.

2. The morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own. But behold, now, the

smitten, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step, dragging onward to meet an early grave!

3. Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set, never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, as improvidence dries up their resources. And, now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments?

4. That is a father, and that is a mother, whose gray hairs are going with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she can not arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and these are the children: helpless innocents!—for whom their father has provided no inheritance, only one of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe!

5. And is this, beloved youth, to be the history of your course? Is this the poverty, and the disease, which, as an armed man, shall take hold of you? and are your relatives and friends to succeed those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go?

6. Yes; bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes now beat, this will be your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds and of thick darkness.

7. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, prudently, temperately; it is yourselves, which, as in a glass, you behold!

LESSON LXXXVII.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

1. I know thou art gone to the land of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

2. I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness can not be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethé that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

3. This eye must be dark that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign;
I never look up with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a love murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

4. In the far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And the love that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign.

In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

5. And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow—a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

E. K. Hervey.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE DEATH-BED OF CROMWELL.

1 At length, the last night drew on that was to usher in his *fortunate day*. The 3d of September, the anniversary of Dunbar and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were everywhere beseeching Heaven to spare the Protector; but the King of kings had issued his decree, and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long was already gathering its pinions for eternity.

2. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," broke from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith, on the covenant of grace. His breath came difficult and thick; but, amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, "Truly, God is good; indeed He is; He will not——" his tongue failed him; but says an eye-witness, "I apprehend it was, 'He will not leave me.'"

3. Again and again, there escaped from the ever-moving lips the half-articulate words, "God is good—God is good." Once, with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God, but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people." All night long, he murmured thus to himself of God; showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

4. While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; and the trees that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uptorn, and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed: the waves smote, in ungovernable fury, the shores of England, and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean.

5. But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white-winged dove, sat; and that voice which had turned the tide of so many battles, now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, "*Tête d'armée!*" ("head of the army") as his gazing eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a nobler departure.

6. The storm and uproar without brought no din of arms to his dying ear; not in the delirium of battle did his soul burst away; but with his eye fixed steadfastly on the eternal kingdoms, and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight forever.

7. He died at three o'clock that day; on the very day which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar; the same which, seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious, and, triumphing over his last enemy, Death, passed into the serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of man never disturb.

J. T. Headley.

LESSON LXXXIX.

THE SNOW-STORM.

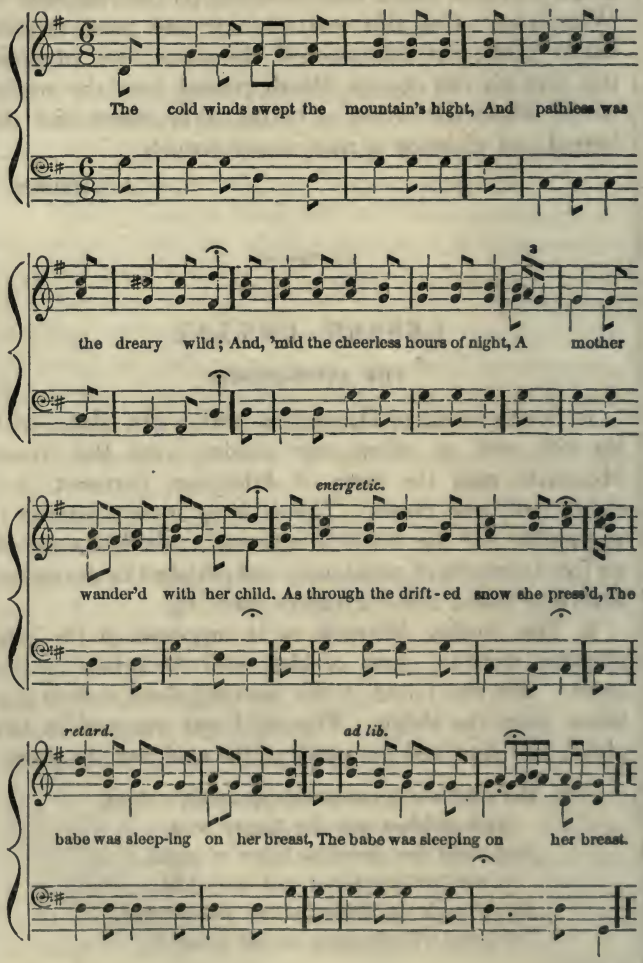
1. In the month of December, 1821, a Mr. Blake, with his wife and an infant, was passing over the Green Mountain, near the town of Arlington, Vermont, in a sleigh with one horse. The drifting snow rendered it impossible for the horse to proceed. Mr. Blake set off on foot in search of assistance, and perished in the storm, before he could reach a human dwelling.

2. The mother, alarmed, as is supposed, at his long absence, went in quest of him, with the infant in her arms. She was found, in the morning, dead, a short distance from the sleigh. The child was wrapped in her cloak, and survived the perils of the cold and the storm.

3. The cold winds swept the mountain's hight,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And, 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifted snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast!

THE SNOW-STORM.

J. R. W.



4. And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone—
"O, God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

5. She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled, to think her babe was warm!
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

6. At dawn, a traveler passed by;
She lay beneath a snowy vail;
The frost of death was in her eye;
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale:
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled!

PORTLAND ARGUS.

LESSON XC.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

[Extract of an Address on the Life and Character of Washington, delivered at East Granville, Mass., Feb. 22d, 1842, by Nelson Sizer.]

1. ON the 12th of December, 1799, disease laid a heavy hand upon him. Physicians were called; yet all the remedies which their united wisdom could devise were used without effect. He became sensible, on the 14th, that his hour had come; but a retrospect of the past gave no pain, in the finale of his eventful career.

2. The same placid serenity which had accompanied

him in life—the same coolness of judgment—the same Christian confidence—lived, in all their strength, in the last struggle with the king of terrors. "*I die hard,*" said he; "*but I am not afraid to die.*" Truly, this was the triumph of a great spirit.

3. He could say, O, Death! thou art disrobed of thy terrors, and I hail thee as the passport to a better life! A heavenly messenger stooped in the sacred place, and whispered,

"Come, pilgrim, come away!"

Then, like a placid summer's sun, his mortality sank into rest, and a "spirit, bright as the seraphim that surround the throne of Omnipotence," ascended to the bosom of its God!

4. Washington is dead! Mourning fills the land: every heart is touched with grief. Sunny childhood inhales the sympathy of sorrow from its sire, and they mingle their tears in *one common urn.* His body reposes in the tomb at Mount Vernon; his spirit blazes around the eternal throne.

5. His memory is garnered in the hearts of his grate ful countrymen; and his whole character, like a pyra mid of glass blazing in immortal light, is the admiration of men and of angels, and shall stand unscathed till the requiem of Time shall be sounded, and mortality lost in the ocean of eternity.

6. Washington is dead! Dead? No! he lives forever—lives in every lover of liberty throughout the world—lives in our free institutions—lives in virtue's shrine! His memory is as imperishable as the iron hills of Columbia, which sleep above the clouds, and as lasting as the mind of man.

7. His name is emblazoned on the rustling folds of the banner of Liberty, as it floats in the breezes of heaven,

from the towering masts of our earth-encircling commerce, or waves over the domes of freedom in the home of the brave.

8. Forgotten? Never! The rising glory of this vast republic—the voices of fifteen millions of happy free—proclaim his name immortal. It is engraven upon the door-cap of church, cot, and mansion, as with a diamond's point, in immortal adamant!

9. Sacred the day that gave him birth! the glorious career! the triumphant exit! Like a blazing star of promise, it sheds its steady light; and the north, the south, the east, and the west, are catching its effulgence like the dawn of morning, and the sighing sons of oppression hail it as the beacon of deliverance.

10. "To live with fame,
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal luster, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows."

11. Poor is the tribute we can bring. "His monument is the freedom of his country, and his eulogy, the praise of ransomed millions." Who would not prefer this living tomb—this holy embalming in the hearts of his countrymen—to the proudest monument that the genius of sculpture could erect?

12. Greenough may give the finishing touch of sculpture to *his* colossal statue (it shows a nation's gratitude), but his memory will outlive the solid marble. It is engraven on the affections, and time can not efface it. His fame is beyond the reach of detraction. The tongue that would dare to depress him no longer exists.

13. "I would place another wreath on his brow, if a *leaf* of the one he *now* wears could yield to the frosts of a million of ages." But why *attempt* the language of

eulogy for the immortal Washington? Had I at command the combined intellect of a Bacon, a Jefferson, and a Webster, united with the burning eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Henry, I could but stand upon the shore and point to the broad ocean of his greatness that rolls before me. *Eulogy itself is dumb:—*

"He stands alone; there is but one
In all this world—ONE WASHINGTON!"

LESSON XCI.

NIAGARA FALLS.

1. HAIL! Monarch of the World of Floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight:
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendors of thy glorious watery throne.

2. No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
But onward, onward, onward—thy march still holds its sway;
The rising mist that vails thee, as thy herald goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee, is the thundering cataract's roar.

3. Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set 'round with waves of snow-white foam, and spray of feathery dew;
White tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

4. Thy reign is from the ancient days, thy scepter from on high;
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky;
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Saw the first wreath of glory that entwined thy infant brow.

5. And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream,
From age to age, in Winter's frost, in Summer's sultry beam,
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds, have still proclaimed the great Eternal's name.

6. For whether on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his day, the red man's foe on his fatherland have stood,
Whoe'er has seen thy incense rise, or heard thy torrents roar,
Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and adore.

7. Accept, then, O, Supremely Great! O, Infinite! O, God!
From this primeval altar, the pure and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul, in gratitude, would pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me, in all my wand'ring way.

8. For, if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of Thy hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament, in Thy balance, grains of sand;
If Niagara's rolling flood seem great to us, who humbly bow,
O, Great Creator of the whole! how passing great art Thou!

9. But though Thy power is far more vast than finite minds can scan,
Still greater is Thy mercy shown to weak, dependent man;

For him, Thou clothest the fertile globe with herbs, and fruit, and seed—
For him, the seas, the lakes, the streams, supply his hourly need.

10. Around, on high, or far, or near, the universal whole
Proclaims Thy glory, as the stars in their fixed courses roll;
And from creation's grateful voice, the hymn ascends above,
While heaven re-echoes back to earth the chorus, "God is Love."

J. S. Buckingham.

LESSON XCII.

DEATH OF ABSALOM.

1. And David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai the Gittite.

2. And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, Thou shalt not go forth: for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

3. And the king stood by the gate-side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even

with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

4. So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country; and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

5. And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

6. And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle.

7. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for, in our hearing, the king charged thee and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life, for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

8. Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor compassed about, and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people

returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

9. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, every one to his tent. Now Absalom, in his life-time, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

10. Then said Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day; but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cushi, Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

11. Then said Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, Run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi.

12. And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

13. And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said. Me-

thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

14. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

15. And behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

16. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

BIBLE.

17. "Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

18. "Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill.
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

19. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

20. "And, O, when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

21. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee:
And thy dark sin! O, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

WILLIS.

LESSON XCIII.

COLONEL ISAAC HAYNES.

1. AFTER the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person.

2. This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Colonel Haynes, who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune.

3. But it was not long before Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominating it a bond of allegiance to the king, and called upon all who had signed it to take up arms against the *Rebels!* threatening to treat as deserters those who refused! This fraudulent proceeding of Lord Cornwallis aroused the indignation of every honorable and honest man.

4. Colonel Haynes now being compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy and carried into Charleston.

5. Lord Rawdon, the commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung! This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition, headed by the British Governor Bull, and signed by a number of royalists, was presented in his behalf, but it was totally disregarded.

6. The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Colonel Haynes might be spared; but this also was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Colonel Haynes's children (the mother had recently deceased) should, in their mourning habili-

ments, be presented to plead for the life of their only surviving parent.

7. Being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and weeping eyes they lisped their father's name, and pleaded most earnestly for his life, but in vain: the unfeeling man was still inexorable! His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who, beholding his only parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed in grief and sorrow.

8. "Why," said he, "my son, will you thus break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow? Have I not often told you we came into this world to prepare for a better? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is prepared. Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me, my son, that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution; and, when I am dead, take and bury me by the side of your mother."

9. The youth here fell on his father's neck, crying, "O my father! my father! I will die with you! I will die with you!" Colonel Haynes would have returned the strong embrace of his son, but, alas! his hands were confined with irons. "Live," said he, "my son, live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your little sisters and brother!"

10. The next morning Colonel Haynes was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. As soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself, and said—"Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and of all my life's sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Do not lay too much to heart my separation from you; it

will be but short. It was but lately your dear mother died. To-day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you; for indeed I feel that I can not live long."

11. On seeing therefore his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter,—he stood like one transfixed, and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but as soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stanched, and he never wept more. He died *insane*, and in his last moments often called on the name of his father in terms that wrung tears from the hardest hearts.

---

3. Al lē' gi ance, *faithfulness.*
6. Couched, *expressed.* Ha bil' i ments *dresses.*
7. In ex' o ra ble, *unyielding.*
11. Trans fixed', *dead.* Stanched, *stopped.*

LESSON XCIV.

THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

1. "But, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America." Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money.

2. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all.

3. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

BURKE.

1. Trans cend' ent, *surpassing.*
3. In fat' u a ted, *affected with folly.* Nū' ga to ry, *futile, insignificant.*

LESSON XCV.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

1. AFAR in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the *Present* I cling to the *Past;*
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years,
And the shadows of things that had long since fled
Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory, that vanished too soon;
Day dreams, that departed e'er manhood's noon;
Attachment, by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days, lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name,
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime—
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolded to view:—

All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile—remembered by none;
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun,
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

2. Afar in the *desert* I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With the scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown and the base man's fears—
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tears—
And malice, and meanness—and falseness and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed;
With the death fraught fire-lock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

3. Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath scarcely crossed with his roving clan;
And region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the sucker and lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawny stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root,
Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot;

And the bitter melon for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink—
A region of drouth where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

4. And here, while the night-winds around me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit afar by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—"*Man is distant, but God is near.*"

PRINGLE.

LESSON XCVI.

FOREST TREES.

1. NOTHING so much adorns the face of the landscape as the luxuriant crowns and waving branches of forest trees; and nothing could mar the beauty of the earth so much as their destruction. They are the ornaments of creation, and the symbols of human life. Eden without them would not have been a paradise.

2. Many of the sweetest remembrances and associations of childhood and declining age, are blended with the kind and protecting shade of overhanging boughs.

They have beautified the scenes of many a quiet home, and millions of young and innocent hearts have gamboled away the sunny hours of infancy amid the rural retreats of the tangled wood, or dreamed of elysian joys, while lulled in sleep by the sylvan harp of the shadowy grove.

3. And when time has borne the pilgrim of life far away from the familiar haunts of his infant years, of the thousand fond recollections that stand portrayed in the faithful glass of memory, none will be more vivid, or more welcome than that of a favorite oak or pine standing before the cottage door of his youth, flashing from its verdant robe the hot and dazzling rays of noon, and throwing from its side a grateful shade, and a cooling breeze.

4. From the beginning of time they have been intimately connected with the history of man: the tree of life saw the purity and holiness of his first estate; the tree of knowledge witnessed his great and mournful fall; and the cedars of Lebanon trembled at the groans of Calvary, and bowed in sorrow as they beheld the infinite price of his redemption.

5. It is a refined and exalted emotion to admire the fresh green foliage of a luxuriant tree; and there is something spiritual in the lively dance of the fairy leaflets as they keep time to the Æolian music that plays with heavenly harmony in the passing breeze, that speaks a soothing power to the wounded heart, and the afflicted soul.

6. The majestic oak, rising from the bosom of the earth and lifting its leafy banner to the sky, is an eloquent and beautiful testimony of a Great First Cause, and a living reproach to the disciples of chance. As it stands in the exuberance of its pride and glory, smiling in the beams of day, nourished by the maternal soil,

and embraced by genial airs, it is an impressive emblem of man in the meridian of life and fullness of prosperity.

7. But when its countless leaves grow sick with chilling winds and biting frosts, and assume the hectic and changing tints of expiring life, they present to the human heart a gorgeous and solemn admonition to prepare for that fervent and final fever, that shall one day dry up the fountains of its own vitality; and as they tremble for a moment upon the parent branch, and then descend to the earth, "dust to dust" is the sad and mournful language of their fall—an illustrated lesson from which man may learn his own mortality.

8. And when cold and lowering skies seem to mock its desolation, and dismal winds howl the requiem of its departed verdure, then the stately monarch of the wood stands forth in its deep-rooted strength, as if defying the tortures of the tempest and the wrath of the gale, till Spring shall again gladden the earth and restore its life and loveliness. So shall the virtuous and trusting mortal that endures unmoved the temptations of time, arise from the winter of the tomb, and breathe a new and endless life in the eternal Spring of Immortality.

EZRA D. BARKER.

---

2. E lys' ian, *very delightful.* Syl' van, *pertaining to wood or grove.*
7. Gor' geous, *showy.*
8. Rē' qui em, *hymn for the dead.*

LESSON XCVII.

GOD'S ANCIENT SANCTUARIES.

1. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

2. Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

3. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp, or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here; Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,

Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

4. Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'mid its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated, not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him.

5. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.
My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me; the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works, I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.

6. Lo! all grow old and die. but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay

Youth presses, ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles;
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

7. There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

8. O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,

His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W. C. BRYANT.

LESSON XCVIII.

THE TEACHER'S PROFESSION.

1. CONTRARY to the opinion which has somewhat generally prevailed, there is not among all the diversified callings of men one more important, elevating, and commanding than that of a teacher.

2. The highest achievement of the most able and accomplished legislator is simply the enactment of plain and just laws. His best and noblest work is after all but a silent letter, necessarily without vitality, action, or effect, to all that countless class of persons who can not understand its provisions, nor appreciate the intelligence, wisdom, justice, and patriotism which spoke it into being. But suppose the best fortune possible to attend the labors of the legislator, still his works are ephemeral, and destined soon to perish.

3. Not such the fate of the teacher. His labors produce no learned tomes of lifeless statutes, but living, intelligent, active, self-interpreting men; men who are not only self-regulating, but whose example attracts, excites, vivifies, and directs all within the sphere of its influence. Characters such as these produce and re-

produce their representatives through indefinite ages; nay, every principle of truth, every seed of virtue which the faithful teacher has implanted in the soul of his pupil, shall continue to germinate and bear precious fruit so long as that soul itself shall exist.

4. Perhaps the most truly renowned name in the whole history of man, the name which appears most likely to attain an earthly immortality, is Socrates; and his highest glory in his own estimation while he lived, and in the world's estimation since his death, is, that he was a teacher of youth.

5. But the dignity and importance of the teacher's profession are attested by a greater and holier name than that of Socrates. One of the chief objects of the mission of the Savior of the world was to instruct mankind. Possessing in itself such inherent importance, excellence, and majesty, and sanctioned by the life and example of Him who spoke as never man spoke, who can, for a moment, doubt that the solid and enduring glory of a virtuous and accomplished teacher is a fit object of pursuit for the most capable and exalted minds? and who can hesitate to believe that in the final awards which await us all, the highest honor shall be conferred upon him who has been most able and faithful in explaining and enforcing the everlasting principles of truth and duty, and winning men by precept and example to the love and practice of every possible virtue?

6. But the teacher's profession is not only the most elevated, but it is also the most holy of all avocations. Amid the appalling moral and intellectual obliquity of adult life, he is more than man who does not sometimes, perhaps I should say often, find his resolution overpowered, his virtue sullied, by the almost resistless temptations with which pleasure, ambition, and the desire of wealth are constantly besetting him.

7. How different are the influences by which the teacher is surrounded! Each morning he is hailed with the hearty welcome of smiling, healthy, and happy childhood. On every hand, he beholds simplicity, frankness, candor, integrity, and unbounded confidence: in a word, he is encircled by those pure and innocent beings of whom the Savior himself said, "*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

8. Surrounded by influences such as these, would not all temptation be powerless? would not every unholy emotion wither and die? would not the constant aspiration of every soul be for higher attainments in virtue? for more accurate and extensive knowledge of the Creator's laws? for more prompt and absolute compliance with their sacred requirements? There is a divinity and power in the society of innocent childhood which will touch the hardest heart, impress the proudest spirit with humility, and for a time, at least, awaken virtuous emotions in the most abandoned bosom.

JAMES HENRY, JR.

2. E phem′ e ral, *of short duration*, (strictly, *lasting but one day.*)
3. Tōme, *a book.* 5. In hēr′ ent, *existing within itself.*

LESSON XCIX.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."*

1. WHERE "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gayly round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;

* The motto of the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows."

The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

2. On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humor smiling;
With ermine beard and forelock gray
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turned to May,
Night softened into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

3. From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure;
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorned with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star with modest light
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

MONTGOMERY.

LESSON C.

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

1. THE atmosphere rises above us with its dome, arching toward the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us, like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal."

2. So massive is it, that when it stirs it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction before it; and yet is so subtile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the thinnest insect waves it aside with its wing.

3. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blast braces into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

4. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the twilight, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens. The cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail, storm, nor fog, diversify the face of the sky.

5. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead toward the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat, dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and every

creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose.

6. In the morning the sun would burst at one bound from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the earth, till her eyelids open, and like a man, she goeth forth again to her labors till the evening.

LESSON CI.

NAPOLEON AT REST.

1. His falchion flashed along the Nile;
   His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
   O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
   His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.

2. Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one,
   Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave,
   Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife nor son
   Has ever seen or sought his grave.

3. Behind this sea-girt rock, the star,
   That led him on from crown to crown,
   Has sunk; and nations from afar
   Gazed as it faded and went down.

4. High is his couch;—the ocean flood,
   Far, far below, by storms is curled;
   As round him heaved, while high he stood,
   A stormy and unstable world.

5. Alone he sleeps! The mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

6. Pause here! The far-off world at last
Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its miters cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

7. Hark! comes there, from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him?--No:

8. The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,--
The mournful murmur of the surge,—
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

JOHN PIERPONT.

LESSON CII.

TYPOGRAPHY: ITS ORIGIN, RISE, AND PROGRESS.

1. HEAVEN has allowed the discovery or invention of no art that can compare, in point of usefulness, to the typographic art; and notwithstanding its great importance, and the recentness of its origin, my readers will be surprised to learn that its inventor and early history are alike vailed in doubt.

2. "The inventor of this noble art to find,
Has long engaged the antiquary's mind;
To question dates, on books and records pore,
To draw the vail Obscurity's cast o'er—

Vain are his efforts: 'tis beyond his might
To fix, in truth, on man or place, the right!
Doubts still exist to whom the palm is due;
Partisans for each their claims pursue;
But metal types, the honor all confer
On both the Guttembergs, Faust, and Schoeffer."

3. Some have asserted that it has been practiced in China from the earliest days of antiquity; but it is quite certain that the fifteenth century has the honor of making it available to the world at large; for all admit that, previous to this time, *types* were not known.

4. It is probable that it was suggested to Caster, an old bachelor, by cutting a few letters or characters in the bark of a beech-tree. After this, he cut them on blocks, and printed toys for the children of his brother, with whom he resided. From this small beginning, it appears that typography has arisen to be what it now is—the greatest earthly benefactor of the human race.

5. For some time, the matter to be printed was cut, inverted, on blocks of wood, from which the impressions were taken. At this early period, the present printed characters were unknown, and only *script letters* were used; and, of course, all the printing in those days looked like *writing*.

6. Wooden type was soon found to be inefficient, and resort was had to metal, on which the type was cut, the same as on wood. The Bible was the first book printed with this type, and, in fact, the first book of much note printed at all, though there had been several pamphlets, a grammar, and some other small books printed.

7. The *first publishers* of the Bible were John Faust, Peter Schoeffer, and John Guttemberg, and their *first* edition was issued A. D. 1450. Previous to this time, the Bible was furnished by scribes; and as it took a long time to copy it, and but few could write, a complete copy

cost an enormous sum. The manuscripts were sold as high as 600 crowns, or $654 each!

8. Faust, who was the money man in this "house," conceived the idea of enhancing his moneyed interest. For this purpose, he went to Paris, taking a number of copies with him, which he sold as manuscripts, at first, at the ordinary prices. Soon, however, he reduced the price to sixty, and shortly after to thirty, crowns.

9. This excited the astonishment of the people; but how much greater was their wonder, when, on comparing different copies, they found them to be *exactly alike!*

10. Given not a little to the marvelous, the people were quite positive that something more than human agency had conspired to produce such wonderful results; and, as Satan is always considered the instigator of innovations, it was at once declared that Mr. Faust was in league with the Devil!

11. This declaration was held to be proved beyond controversy, by the fact that the manuscripts were embellished with *red ink*, which *they* took to be *blood!* Faust was now thrown into prison, and would have atoned for his enormous sin by his life, had he not revealed "*the secret.*" Faust probably died of the plague, at Paris, 1466.

12. Peter Schoeffer is entitled to all the credit of inventing metal types, as they now exist. At first, the type, made of lead only, was found too soft; but this defect was soon remedied, by compounding it with harder metals. The improved type was first used in 1459, when a book called *Durandi Rationale* was printed.

13. Since that time, great improvements have been made in type,—in their composition, size, form, and general appearance. At that day, the type was all of one size, and much larger than that now in general use.

For much of this improvement, as well as for the invention of typography itself, and the metal types, we are indebted to the GERMANS.

14. Printing was introduced into England by William Caxton, in 1474. In 1569, it found its way into Mexico, North America, and not until 1639 did it appear in what is now the United States. To Cambridge, Mass., belongs the honor of setting up the *first printing* press in America. This press was established by the Rev. Jesse Glover, under the direction of Stephen Day. The first thing printed was the FREEMAN'S OATH; the second, an *Almanac;* and the third, a *Version of the Psalms.*

15. John Foster introduced the first press into Boston, in 1675. Though Cambridge has the honor of owning the first *press,* Boston has the greater honor of publishing the *first American newspaper.* The name of this paper was the "*Boston News-Letter.*" The first number was issued April 24, 1704, by John Campbell. This paper was discontinued in 1776, after being regularly published for nearly seventy-two years.

16. The second newspaper was also published in Boston, and likewise the third. This third paper was called the "*New England Courant,*" and created much disturbance, by the recklessness with which it expressed its opinions. James Franklin was its editor and proprietor. It was in the office of this paper, which stood on the easterly corner of Court Street and Franklin Avenue, that Benjamin Franklin learned the printer's trade.*

17. Since the days of Franklin, very great improvements have been made in his favorite art; and it would seem that the day of improvement is past—that perfec-

* For an account of Franklin's doings in this office, we must refer the reader to the very graphic one which he himself has given; and it may be added, that young men can scarcely read a more interesting and useful volume, than the "Life of Franklin, written by himself."

tion is attained—when we consider that playing on a machine as on a piano, now "sets the type," and one gentle pressure of the toe causes thousands of printed sheets hourly to teem from the press.

18. The present generation has great cause, over any preceding one, for gratitude to the Author of all Good, for the innumerable blessings which He has, in a special manner, showered profusely upon it; but above all other things for which it should humbly and devoutly thank the great Benefactor of man, let the heart rise in holy gratitude for the inestimable gift of THE PRESS.

19. "From thee, O Press! what blessings flow
To unworthy mortals here below,
Life's path to smooth!
The widow's cause, the infant's tear,
In thee a *friend* are sure to rear,
Their loss to soothe.

20. "Through thee, fair Liberty will stand,
The proudest boast throughout this land:—
See hist'ry's page!
The Press enslaved, she'll inly moan,
And Freedom's sons in chains may groan,
From age to age!"

JOHN RUSSELL.

Q. What is the most useful art? What about its origin is rather surprising? Is there any possibility of determining definitely who the inventor is?—or his place of residence?—or the time of the invention? From what little circumstance did it probably originate? How and what did Caster first print? In what did printing consist for some time? What kind of characters were used? How did the printing look? On what kind of type and when was the Bible first printed? Who were its publishers? How was the Bible furnished before, and at what cost? What did Faust do with some of his Bibles? What surprised the people, and what did they assert? What strong proof had they that the Devil and Faust were on intimate terms, and were working together? What was done with Faust, and how did he save his life? Who invented *metal* types? What defect did they have, and how was it remedied? In what

respect have improvements been made since then? For what are we indebted to the Germans? When and by whom was printing introduced into England? Where was the first printing-press in the United States? When and where was the first newspaper published? Who have great cause to be thankful? Specially for what should we be thankful?

LESSON CIII.

BYRON'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

1. Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

2. Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

3. Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

4. Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow—
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

5. Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

6. Yet, O yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away.

7. Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat—
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is—that we no more may meet.

* * * * *

8. But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we can not bridle,
Force their way without the will.

9. Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die!

LESSON CIV.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

1. Universal education! Grand, inspiring idea! And shall there come a time, when the delver in the mine and the rice-swamp, the orphans of the prodigal and the felon, the very offspring of shame, shall be truly, systematically educated? Glorious consummation! morning twilight of the millennium!

2. Who will not joyfully labor, and court sacrifices, and suffer reproach, if he may hasten, by even so much as a day, its blessed coming? Who will not take cour-

age from a contemplation of what the last century has seen accomplished; if not in absolute results, yet in preparing the approaches, in removing impediments, in correcting and expanding the popular comprehension of the work to be done, and the feasibility of doing it?

3. Whatever of evil and of suffering the future may have in store for us—though the earth be destined yet to be plowed by the sword, and fertilized by human gore, until rank growths of the deadliest weeds shall overshadow it, stifling into premature decay every plant most conducive to health or fragrance—the time shall surely come, when universal and true education shall dispel the dense night of ignorance and perverseness that now enshrouds the vast majority of the human race; shall banish evil and wretchedness almost wholly from earth, by removing or unmasking the multiform temptations to wrong-doing; shall put an end to robbery, hatred, oppression, and war, by diffusing widely and thoroughly a living consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind, and the sure blessedness, as well as righteousness, of doing ever as we would have others do to us.

4. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Such is the promise which enables us to see to the end of the dizzy whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has long sinned and suffered. On wise and systematic training, based on the widest knowledge, the truest morality, and tending ever to universal good, as the only assurance of special or personal well-being, rests the great hope of the terrestrial renovation and elevation of man.

5. Not the warrior, then, nor the statesman, nor yet the master-worker, as such, but the Teacher, in our day, leads the vanguard of humanity; whether in the seminary or by the wayside—by uttered word or printed page. Our true king is not he who best directs the siege,

or sets his squadrons in the field, or heads the charge, but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that, at least, some few of the generation of which he is a member shall be wiser, purer, nobler, for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work, of which he was a humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation.

6. Far above the conqueror of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and the bayonet, is he whose tearless victories redden no river and whiten no plain, but who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empire, not of the wrenched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered, and planted, and peopled with beneficent activity and enduring joy!

7. The mathematician, who, in his humble study, undisturbed as yet by the footsteps of monarchs and their ministers, demonstrates the existence of a planet before unsuspected by astronomy, unobserved by the telescope; the author, who, from his dim garret, sends forth the scroll which shall constrain thousands on thousands to laugh or weep at his will—who topples down a venerable fraud by an allegory, or crushes a dynasty by an epigram—shall live and reign over a still-expanding dominion, when the pasteboard kings, whose steps are counted in court circulars, and timed by stupid huzzas, shall have long since moldered and been forgotten.

8. To build out into chaos and drear vacuity—to render some corner of the primal darkness radiant with the presence of an idea—to supplant ignorance by knowledge, and sin by virtue—such is the mission of our age, worthy to enkindle the ambition of the loftiest, yet proffering opportunity and reward to the most lowly.

9. To the work of universal enlightenment be our lives henceforth consecrated, until the black clouds of

impending evil are irradiated and dispersed by the full effulgence of the divinely-predicted day, when "all snall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest," and when wrong and woe shall vanish forever from the presence of UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, PURITY, and BLISS!

HORACE GREELEY.

LESSON CV.

THE VENOMOUS WORM.

"——Outvenoms all the worms of Nile."—*Shakspeare.*

1. WHO has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this state, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this lesson.

2. This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in diameter, but, as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the *habit of going there to drink.* The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.

3. Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow-citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent oppor-

tunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtile poison which this worm infuses.

4. The symptoms of its *bite* are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

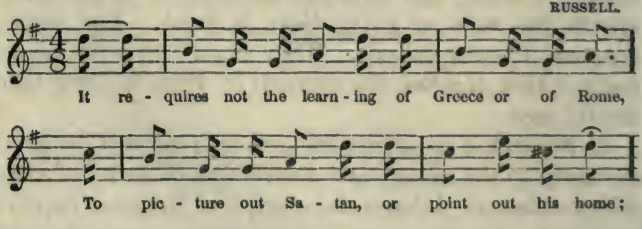
5. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the *spell* in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity, occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the *destroyer*, for the sole purpose of being *bitten again.*

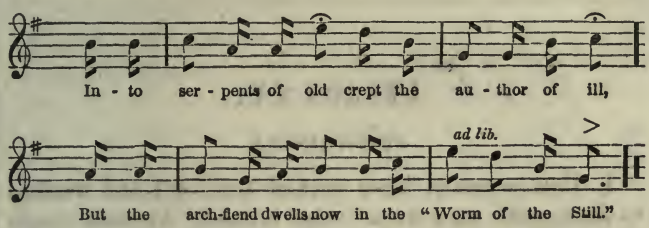
6. I have seen a good father, his locks as white as snow, his steps slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking-place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the "staff of his declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.—Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile?—It is called the WORM OF THE STILL.

JOHN RUSSELL.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

RUSSELL.





7. It requires not the learning of Greece or of Rome
To picture out Satan, or point out his home;
Into serpents, of old, crept the author of ill,
But the arch-fiend dwells now in the "Worm of the Still."

8. Assuming that shape, he persuades men to take
A *temperate* dram for their poor stomach's sake;
Till, by little and little, they're bent to his will,
And man is o'ercome by the "Worm of the Still."

9. 'Tis his pride to transform, by his pestilent breath,
The most nourishing food to the essence of death;
And give us, in place of the sweet bubbling rill,
A river of fire from the "Worm of the Still."

10. In the art of corrupting and cursing our grain,
To famish his victim, and madden his brain,
No demon of death ever equaled his skill,
Or replenished the graves like the "Worm of the Still."

11. With temperate drams drunkards always begin;
But an unquenchable fire is soon kindled within,
And quickly they fall from the brow of the hill,
To grovel in dust with the "Worm of the Still."

12. What is it, I pray, that is wont to transmute
Pure gold to base metal—a man to a brute?
What causes the hand of the murderer to spill
The blood of a brother?—'Tis the "WORM OF THE STILL!"

LESSON CVI.

SELF-CULTURE.

1. Philosophers have racked their wit and wisdom to distinguish man from "other animals" by some single and infallible mark. But to us it seems sufficient to say, *Man is a being capable of self-culture.* This power at once separates him from the lower orders, and makes him akin to higher existences; while its exercise brings him more and more on a level with the angels, than which he was originally created but little lower. Thus, while the simple possession of this faculty renders man noble, its full cultivation and development raises him still higher in the scale of being.

2. The most cursory survey of the universe of matter and of mind, including all that science unfolds of the former, and all that either revelation or reason discovers of the latter, shows that one great law pervades them both.—*This law is* Progress. No star of the first magnitude, however near or remote it may be, however fixed it may appear, ever remains for a single moment stationary in any part of its orbit.

3. Suns, moons, planets, stars—all, all continue with unceasing activity, their annual and diurnal motions; besides another, the "*systemic*," where whole systems become but units in other systems, which have hitherto proved too vast for man to explore. So, in like manner, not the smallest particle that helps make up the earth's mass, or the humblest individual that resides upon its surface, ever remains, from moment to moment, unchanged in its essential being, or in its relation to others.

4. Change, progress, is the necessary law of all be-

ings, and of all worlds. And while the latter are guided in their progress by other "laws," fixed as fate, immutable as eternity, man possesses the high prerogative, both of promoting and of guiding his own progress; and, as is just, becomes thus personally responsible for the quality, as well as the quantity of that progress. The artist has vividly portrayed the situation of man, as a fair youth, standing erect in his frail bark, upon the stream of life, and holding in his hand the helm of destiny.

5. His onward course is subject to his own control; and he guides it as he will, downward, in the company of evil spirits, or upward, to the beckoning of his guardian angel. But the picture is imperfect, since it shows no glimpse of the multitudes of others, whose course is influenced, for better or for worse, according as he chooses for himself. For self-culture applies as much to the moral as to the intellectual nature; and if by it a price is put into our hands to get wisdom, it must be that which regards man as an immortal as well as a mortal being.

6. As in no country are there greater opportunities for self-culture than in our own, so in no country are there higher motives to persuade us to improve them. The greater ease with which the American citizen provides for the daily wants of his family, as well as the perfect freedom of directing his attention to whatever subject he will, forms privileges, the value of which can never be correctly estimated, till we are deprived of them.

7. The genius of our republican institutions assists all in their onward progress, and never allows true merit to be repressed because unsupported by wealth or nobility; but it encourages every citizen to believe he shall be honored as highly as he deserves, and he knows he may raise himself as HIGH AS HE WILL.

What was it but *self-cultivation* which raised such men as Franklin and Roger Sherman, from their humble station of journeymen mechanics to the high rank they acquired in life—the proud position they now hold in the history of our country?

8. Not that we would imply that all can become as great as these men; for something of their greatness was, doubtless, due to the influence of the "times that tried men's souls;" but we do say, that all who will but as perseveringly cultivate their own mental and moral faculties, will be as highly esteemed by all who know them; for self-culture is like a precious stone, which each one may polish less or more as he will.

9. Self-culture is self-education; and, with few exceptions, the great men of America, if not of the world, have been self-made men. And moreover, if we do not educate ourselves aright, other persons, and other influences, will not fail to educate us wrong; for whether we attend to it or not, the educating process must go on.

10. Let us all then, of all sexes and ages, retain in our own hands the high prerogative of self-culture, and make the highest possible improvement of the privilege, since it is a talent by which we may continually raise ourselves in the scale of being, and for which we are responsible, whether we use or neglect it.

11. To the young, this subject has especial interest. They have, in a more peculiar manner, their destiny in their own hands. Let them see to it, that the time never comes, when they shall be made to feel that they have had given to them the power and the privi.ege of self-culture, of elevating and ennobling themselves and others; but that, by neglecting to employ this power and privilege, they have criminally degraded both.

LESSON CVII.

SHYLOCK, OR THE POUND OF FLESH.

Judge. What! is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Ju. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity.

Ant. I am armed to suffer.

(*Enter Shylock.*)

Ju. Dost thou now exact the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh?

Shy. By our holy Sabbath, I have sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Ju. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
You'll ask me why I rather chose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why one can not abide a gaping pig;
Another, a harmless, necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, and I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

Ju. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Ant. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Ju. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; is mine; and I will have it:
If you deny me, fy upon your law!
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?
Ju. Antonio, do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Ju. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion *must* I? tell me *that.*
Ju. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Ju. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Ant. Yes, here I tender it to him in the court;
Yea, twice and thrice the sum.
Shy. I'll have my bond, I will not take thy offer.
Ju. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
Shy. O wise, wise Judge, how do I honor thee!
Ju. I pray you let me look upon the bond.
(*Gives it to the Judge.*)
Shy. Here it is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Ju. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Ju. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart: be merciful;

Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound.
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stand here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Ju. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble Judge!
Ju. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due unto the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright Judge!
Ju. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. (*To Antonio.*)
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond; does it not, noble Judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Ju. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Ju. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so *nominated* in the bond?
Ju. It is not so *expressed;* but what of *that?*
'T were good you do so much in *charity.*
Shy. I can not find it; 't is not in the bond.
Ju. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Ju. Shylock! A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful Judge!
Ju. And you must cut the flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned Judge! A sentence: come, prepare.
Ju. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the law of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Shy. Is that the law?

Ju. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Shy. I take his offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Ju. The Jew shall have all justice! soft! no haste!
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou not blood, nor cut thou less nor more,
Than just one pound; be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Ju. Thou hast refused it in the open court;
Thou shalt have merely justice, and the bond.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Ju. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Ju. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; and the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the court only.

Shy. Take my life, then, and all, and pardon not that.
You do take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Ju. The court in mercy spares thy life,
But the forfeiture of thy estate
Comes not within our power to remedy;
The law is strict in its demands of justice.
Are you contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; O give me leave to go
Where I may die in peace:
Since what I hold dearer than my life,
Is taken from me.

Ju. The court has mercy on your life;
Go, repent, and live,
And with a softer heart, remember mercy too.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CVIII.

EUROPE AND AMERICA—WASHINGTON.

[Extract from an Address delivered at the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843.]

1. FEW topics are more inviting, or more fit for philosophical discussion, than the action and influence of the New World upon the Old; or the contributions of America to Europe.

2. Her obligations to Europe for science and art,

laws, literature, and manners, America acknowledges as she ought, with respect and gratitude. And the people of the United States, descendants of the English stock, grateful for the treasures of knowledge derived from their English ancestors, acknowledge, also, with thanks and filial regard, that among those ancestors, under the culture of Hampden and Sidney, and other assiduous friends, that seed of popular liberty first germinated, which, on our soil, has shot up to its full hight, until its branches overshadow all the land.

3. But America has not failed to make returns. If she has not canceled the obligation, or equaled it by others of like weight, she has, at least, made respectable advances, and some approaches toward equality. And she admits, that, standing in the midst of civilized nations, and in a civilized age, a nation among nations, there is a high part which she is expected to act, for the general advance of human interests and human welfare.

4. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with the precious metals; the productions of the American soil and climate have poured out their abundance of luxuries for the tables of the rich, and of necessaries for the sustenance of the poor; birds and animals of beauty and value have been added to the European stocks; and transplantations from the transcendent and unequaled riches of our forests have mingled themselves profusely with the elms, and ashes, and druidical oaks of England.

5. America has made contributions far more vast. Who can estimate the amount, or the value, or the augmentation of the commerce of the world, that has resulted from America? Who can imagine to himself what would be the shock to the eastern continent, if the Atlantic were no longer traversable, or there were no longer American productions or American markets?

6. But America exercises influences, or holds out examples, for the consideration of the Old World, of a much higher, because they are of a moral and political, character. America has furnished to Europe proof of the fact, that popular institutions, founded on equality and the principle of representation, are capable of maintaining governments—able to secure the rights of persons, property, and reputation.

7. America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which, in Europe, is called the laboring or lower class; to raise them to self-respect—to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government; and this, she has proved, may be done by the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more enchanting than ever was presented before, to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

8. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own!

9. The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to any of the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out on the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be—Washington!

10. This structure, by its uprightness, its solidity, its

durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtue and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands—his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate, emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single state, ascends the colossal grandeur of his character and his life. In all the constituents of the one—in all the acts of the other—in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown—it is an American production.

11. It is the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never, for a moment, having had a sight of the old world; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath, and penetrated by, the genuine influence of American society; growing up amid our expanding but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man; our agony of glory, the war of independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the constitution; he is all, all our own! That crowded and glorious life,

> "Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
> Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
> Contending to be seen, then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come;—"

that life was the life of an American citizen.

12. I claim him for America. In all the perils in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends, I

turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed any to the stock of great lessons and great examples; to all these I reply, by pointing to WASHINGTON!

WEBSTER.

LESSON CIX.

WASHINGTON.

1. LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page:
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be the loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star:
'Tis stamp'd upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart,—
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won:
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy WASHINGTON!

2. Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath,
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death;
France had its eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chain'd
the waves;
Who flesh'd their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of
slaves;
Who, though their kindred barr'd the path, still fiercely
waded on;
Oh, where shall be their "glory" by the side of WASHINGTON?

3. He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to
defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend:
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle
word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword
to sword:
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot, and the
sage:
He showed no deep avenging hate, no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of WASHINGTON!

4. No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaim'd him victor
chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed
the chain.
He saved his land; but did not lay his soldier trappings
down,
To change them for the regal vest, and "don" a kingly
crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble WASHINGTON!

5. England! my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native
earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother
birth;

Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell, for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to tell;
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of WASHINGTON!"

ELIZA COOK.

LESSON CX.

THE TEMPERATE AND DISSOLUTE MAN.*

1. I ASK the young man, then, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him and mark the examples whose fortunes he would court, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme.

2. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor threescore years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undiminished senses, are so many certificates of good moral conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws.

3. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never

* An extract from an admirable little work entitled "Thoughts for a Young Man."

been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cesspool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of the distiller or tobacconist.

4. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the school-boy's story, he has eaten his cake, and still keeps it. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together; painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world, without the sting of death.

5. But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first step in an honorable course not taken; in himself a lazar-house of disease; dead, but by a heathenish custom of society, not buried!

6. Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example!

7. How she loosens all his joints, sends tremor along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul

spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST!"

8. Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on *this* picture and on *that*, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

HORACE MANN.

---

2. Fi del' i ty, *faithfulness.*

3. Vint' ner, *a seller or dealer in wine.* Cess'-pool, *a cavity to receive filthy liquid.*

4. Lees, *dregs.*

5. Dis' so lute, *loose in morals.* Lā' zar-house, *a house for persons affected with nauseous diseases.*

LESSON CXI.

THE TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[Conclusion of "A Lecture before the members of the Albany Female Academy, at the close of the Annual Course on Astronomy, delivered April 2, 1845.]

1. I REMEMBER my feelings when a boy on first entering the Cathedral of St. Paul, in London. While I gazed on that magnificent structure, I thought that if any thing made with hands was worthy of the Divinity, it was such a temple. And while I surveyed the statues, monuments, and obelisks—those envied emblems of earthly immortality erected to departed worth, and valor, and genius; and when, high above all, around that lofty dome, I saw displayed the flags and banners of almost every nation on earth—the honored trophies of

hard-fought contests in field and flood for a thousand years—I confess, boy as I was, I could not repress a feeling of pride, as if part of the honor was shared by me in belonging to the race.

2. Young ladies, the temple of knowledge to which education introduces you, is in many respects the counterpart of that which I have thus faintly described. It is a venerable, an enormous pile; the work of nearly sixty centuries; rude and contracted in its beginning, but enlarged from time to time, through the long succession of generations, as new conquests have been made, and fresh trophies won.

3. As we stand in the vestibule and cast our eyes within, we may well feel awe-struck at the augustness of the scene, disclosing an extent so vast, and objects so innumerable, as to dazzle and bewilder. Contributions from every age and clime, and people and tongue, are there. In the innermost recesses, dim and dark, and almost lost in the obscurity of distance, are discovered memorials of the years before the flood; while close to the vestibule, in bright and bold relief, are deposited the trophies of yesterday.

4. There, are the labors of the solitary cell, the midnight taper, the over-worked brain, the wasting frame, the deathless, quenchless spirit, whose flame was fed by the immortality which, with prophetic foresight, it knew it had already achieved. But why enumerate? There, are the accumulated riches of the race, made up by tributes from every land. There, is all that man has won, and calls his own.

5. Who does not feel an interest—which of *you* does not feel an interest—may I not say a pride—in this, the common property of the race? Which of you does not wish to contribute something to the common stock—some little relic, that shall outlive her own brief span of

being, and tell spectators of a future age, the story of her birth? Who is there in whose bosom there breathes no aspiration, at least, to enter this temple of knowledge, and see before she dies, what man has done?

6. But there is another temple, to which, in conclusion, I would lead your thoughts; a temple in which there is found not in a single beholder an emotion of pride, but where every such feeling dies within the breast. It is the temple of the Universe—a temple not made with hands, whose architect is the Eternal—a temple whose dome is immensity, whose lamps are the ever-burning stars—a temple of which Earth is but one of ten thousand times ten thousand altars, and man himself one of the lowliest of its countless worshipers.

7. Oh! if there is one species of insanity that towers above all others, surely it is the madness of the "undevout astronomer" who can gaze on such a scene as this, and, as he turns away from the sight, exclaim, "*There is no God!*" In St. Paul's Cathedral, while the stranger is lost in admiration of the physical grandeur of the structure, his eye is arrested by a lofty and conspicuous inscription: "If you seek my monument, look around."

8. This is the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the work; and as the stranger obeys the injunction, and *looks around,* he pays involuntary homage to the genius and memory of the man. And is there no similar inscription in memorial of the Everlasting, carved in characters of living glory on the walls of the Universal temple, in language understood by savage and by sage, and which finds its interpretation in every heart?

9. Who is there that surveys in a star-lit night this most imposing spectacle, amid that pervading, almost startling silence, which he knows to be coeval with eter-

nity, and does not feel inclined to stand with uncovered head, and awe-struck spirit, and even suppressed breath, while he feels that the earth on which he stands is but the vestibule of creation, the porch of the universe, the first step within the portals of that temple of Nature, of which he is thus permitted to discern only the dim, and distant, and shadowy outlines?

10. And while the earth seems to dwindle into a point, and he into an atom, as he looks up into the infinitude of space above, and thinks of the infinitude that equally yawns beneath; and then passes involuntarily to the idea of the Unseen Spirit whose presence pervades that infinitude—now, as it ever did, and ever shall do—oh, it is then, that all the boasted treasures of human knowledge, the achievements of science, and the triumphs of reason, that lately seemed so vast, appear what in reality they are, only a few feeble rays, permitted to emanate from the ineffable fountain of Wisdom and Intelligence.

11. Such thoughts as these are the genuine results of real knowledge, and above all, of astronomical knowledge. Such thoughts form an infallible antidote to that vanity and self-esteem which superficial acquirements, a mere smattering of learning, is apt to inspire. They lift the soul above the petty strifes and trifles, the ignoble aims and pursuits, by which so many are engrossed.

* * * * * *

12. May we all be permitted to cross the vestibule of the great temple, to gain a glimpse even of the shrine of the Uncreated, and with reason unclouded, and spirit unclogged, and eye unscaled, to see, to admire, to adore. But may I be permitted to remind you, that into this temple the only means of entrance are those prescribed in the book of Truth, by Him who is Himself the Way, the Truth, the Life—Him who is emphatically the Great

Teacher, and who descended from heaven to earth, to achieve at once the spiritual education, and the endless happiness, of His erring children.

A. WATSON.

LESSON CXII.

PROGRESS OF MIND.

1. OH, blessed hour! the "Day-spring from on high"
Dawns on the darkened world: long-brooding night
Rolls back, and morning breaks along the sky;
While Wisdom, stooping from her heavenly hight,
Spreads o'er the earth her robe of dazzling light.
The humblest now rejoice and feel no ban,
But seek for wisdom as their heaven-born right,—
With pleasure think, the thoughts of others scan,
And deem him highest blest who best can act the MAN!

2. The mind aroused as ne'er in former years,
Majestic, like the sun, moves on its way
Of light from clime to clime, and earth appears
To glow e'en now with bright millennial ray!
Old things with golden times have passed away,
And man no more consents to plod his round
In search of joys which ne'er his toils repay;
But like the wingéd light, with one rebound,
Leaps to the goal he seeks, o'er hight and space profound!

3. The forest melts at his advancing stride,
And up, like magic, towns and cities spring:
The subtile elements his will abide,
And serve his wish as subjects serve their king.
Each day reveals some new, unheard-of thing,

Till wonder long has ceased to feel surprise:
THOUGHT now is sent upon the lightning's wing,
Which round the circling earth obedient flies,
With speed as swift as e'er it flashed along the skies!

4. Thus THOUGHT goes forth and holds the world in awe,
Subservient makes each known and latent power
(Led to their springs by Truth's unerring law),
Bedecks the desert wild with fruit and flower,
And gleams from barren fields a princely dower;
Amid confusion, perfect order finds,
A radiant sun, where clouds of darkness lower;
Culls rarest gems from long-neglected mines,
And purest bliss enjoys, where Ignorance repines!

5. O'er earth, ere long, a fearful change shall pass,
Hurled back to chaos, whence at first it came,
Its beauty changed to one unshapen mass,
As round it spreads the fierce devouring flame,
Which leaves no lingering trace of place or fame:
Then o'er the scene shall THOUGHT arise and shine;
With radiant beams the noonday sun 'twill shame,
And from the smoldering wrecks of Earth and Time,
In triumph mount to God, Immortal and Divine!

SIDNEY DYER.

LESSON CXIII.

LABOR A NECESSITY AND DUTY.

1. MAN is by nature a being of LABOR. His mental and physical constitution is wisely adapted to labor, and he never fulfills his destiny, and obeys the laws of his being, without it. Almost as soon as the child can raise his head he begins to shadow forth this inherent element

—HE LABORS. That which in the child we call PLAY, is HIS labor, and most earnestly and faithfully does he perform it.

2. Nothing would change the habits of the child as he advances in life, but the unsound and ridiculous public sentiment which writes DISGRACE on the perspiring brow of labor. When he is made to feel and believe that what is called WORK is disgraceful or ungenteel, he changes his useful employments for hunting, horse-racing, bowling, sparring, billiards, or some other useless form of filling up his time, and of obtaining that AMOUNT of physical and mental exercise which the mind and body must have, or become imbecile.

3. Thus the young man obeys the instinct of his nature—HE WORKS; but he labors like the galley-slave, in occupations that debase the morals, that enslave and contract the intellect, and that do neither himself nor the world any valuable service. As well might we shut out the light of day from the young, as to deprive them of labor—they WILL WORK.

4. If taught that useful labor is disreputable, they will seek sports of questionable moral tendency on which to work off their surplus vitality and muscular energy, and the world, as well as themselves, will be deprived of all the usefulness which they might have accomplished. Labor is natural to man, and is one of his greatest blessings.

5. It were better for the affluent, the fortunate, or UNfortunate inheritors of millions, in view of their own personal welfare, to spend a considerable portion of every day in labor, producing something really valuable to the world, and adding to the general stock of comforts or embellishments of life.

6. Fashionable sports, or the dainty physical labor of the conceited dandy, vitiates the individual; and while it

does the world no good, it produces positive harm, by inspiring the young with a distaste for useful employment. This begets idleness, dissipation, gambling, and even theft, to enable the misled poor to ape the life of sport and dissipation of the rich.

7. Labor is any effort of the mind and body exercised to produce some useful result. It is valuable only for its benefit to sentient beings, particularly to the human race. Nearly all that is produced by labor is the result of the industrious toil of about one-half of mankind; the balance are mere consumers, drone-bees in the hive of human society, who prey upon the products of industry, lessen the aggregate of human comfort, and do little or nothing to compensate society for their sustenance.

8. It is, therefore, not only unnatural and dishonorable to live a life of useless, unproductive existence, but it is social robbery; piracy upon the products of the industrious world. No person has a right to live without a valuable contribution to the general stock of mind, morals, or money.

9. The world supports him, and he owes it, in return, the efforts of his mind or muscles, in the production of the useful and the true. To refuse to do this, is, in a moral point of view, ROBBERY. The idiotic, the insane, and the imbecile, are excusable, and no others.

10. If haughty, purse-proud man would take lessons of industry from the whole world of organic and inorganic matter, and carry out, as he should, the indications thus written in the practical language of action—useful, laborious, UNIVERSAL action—the race of idlers and non-producers would, by reformation, cease to burden and disgrace the earth.

11. Nature is one great workshop. The tides and the winds, electricity and magnetism, the chemical and the geological combinations and changes, the formation and

the development of organic life, are all specimens of incessant industry.

12. Shall the noblest work of God, MAN, be the only exception to this great law of industry? Shall the earth, the air, and the sea, be instinct with life and action—unmitigated action; and shall every species of animal, from the animalcule to the elephant, exert an earnest industry; and man, the master-piece of God's workmanship, and who has more wants than any other animal in existence, be either too proud or too indolent to labor? It is wrong and unnatural to be idle, or uselessly employed; it is a libel on existence. It should therefore be regarded, as it truly is, not only *dishonorable*, but DISGRACEFUL.

NELSON SIZER.

LESSON CXIV.

"THE MIND'S THE STANDARD OF THE MAN."

1. "Could I in stature reach the pole,
Or grasp creation in my span,
I'd still be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."

2. WHAT truth was ever uttered more evident to the unprejudiced mind of any person than this, "The mind's the standard of the man?" It is the grand distinctive feature of man's organization. Were it not for this, he would be leveled to the rank of a mere brute. His mentality, then, is the only part of him which ought to be regarded as worthy of approbation or censure.

3. The very moment we estimate him by any other criterion, we are offering an insult to his nature; we are erecting a standard which any sensible man ought to re-

gard as an indignity cast not only on himself, but also on the Being who made him to differ from the lower forms of animated matter, which are below him in the scale of creation.

4. But we can not disguise the fact, that this has never been the universal standard of estimation. In ancient times, feats of physical prowess were celebrated in poetry and romance, and the *athletæ* of the gymnasium and stadium were crowned with the ivy, amid the cheers and congratulations of the multitude. Mothers trained their sons, from infancy, to feats of courage and hardships, and thought no disgrace greater than that of possessing cowardly offspring.

5. To this state of things, in later times, succeeded that of nobility and birth. Time was when a lord or a baron was distinguished by the dress which he wore, and hundreds bowed the servile knee to the purple and fur of him who boasted greatness on account of his pedigree and ancestral fame. But this standard of esteem is now well-nigh obliterated—at least in our own country.

6. We occasionally see its ghost, however, displaying its "shrunk shanks" in some of our large cities, as a carriage rolls along its streets with armorial bearings, and a driver and footman trimmed with gold lace. This ostentation admirably serves to mark the victims of folly, so that the wise and intelligent may look on them with detestation and pity: detestation that there are any so near the door of animality that they glory in a badge to distinguish their downfall; and pity that the high and holy attributes of man should be put aside for the degrading paraphernalia of the animal.

7. The race of Mammon has succeeded this, and we have now the almost universal consent that it is wealth which purchases a respectable station in the present organization of society. Why do the glittering mines of

California allure the shoemaker from his bench, the blacksmith from his forge, the tradesman from his counter, the farmer from his plow, when all are enjoying what their nature demands—the fruit of honest industry?

8. Is it not that they may amass fortunes, wherewith to be looked upon with that esteem which they know can not be attained by any other means? Is it not that society has erected wealth as a standard of estimation, and they are bending all their energies and exertions in order to display an equipage and style equal to those of fortune about them? If such is the proper standard, let it remain; if not, let every friend of man endeavor to disseminate correct notions concerning so important a subject.

9. Who wishes to be esteemed for a mere animal possession? Man, as he approaches the model of pure intelligence—as he stands the personification of all that goes to ennoble his immortal nature, or exalt his unlimited capacity—deserves respect and esteem. If we estimate him by the external trappings of wealth, we destroy the greater—that of the mind—and reduce him to a degrading comparison with the beast.

10. We say emphatically, then, to all mechanics and laboring men, improve the mind—*that* is the true standard of estimation; endeavor to understand your own organization, both mental and physical; yield to none in your desire for truth and knowledge; cultivate a benevolent and charitable disposition toward your fellow-men. There is a time coming when this false standard of esteem will be swept away, and whether a man has riches or not will be just as small a subject of inquiry as whether he eats his victuals cold or hot.

11. IMPROVE THE MIND, then, for whether you are respected by a certain class or not, is but a small satisfaction; you will have raised yourself already in the esti-

mation of those whose regard is worth obtaining, and exalted yourself to a pinnacle from whence you can look at the folly and the vain pursuits of others with just indignation, regarding their external symbols of rank with feelings kindred to those on beholding the elegant trappings of some caparisoned steed in a circus or a show.

LESSON CXV.

PASSING AWAY.

1. Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear;
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep—
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite—
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away!—passing away!"

2. But, no! It is not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours, that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time:
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung

(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet;
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away!—passing away!"

3. Oh! how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed; in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she dancing swung,
In the fullness and grace of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride:
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away!—passing away!"

4. While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face: yet one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away!—passing away!"

5. While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on.

The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone,
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone
(Let me never forget, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay)—
"Passing away!—passing away!"

REV. J. PIERPONT.

LESSON CXVI.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

1. WHOEVER yields to temptation, debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of calamities, the bitterest dreg in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousand fold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer. The false man is more false to himself than to any one else.

2. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment whatever lies within the circle of its radiations; but fire is always hottest at the center, and that center is the profligate's own heart.

3. A man can be wronged, and live; but the unresisted, unchecked impulse to do wrong, is the first and the second death. The moment any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us is abused or

misused, that faculty loses, forever, a portion of its delicacy and its energy.

* * * * * *

4. Every injury which we inflict upon our moral nature, in this life, must dull forever and ever our keen capacities of enjoyment, though in the midst of infinite bliss, and weaken our power of ascension, where virtuous spirits are ever ascending.

5. It must send us forward into the next stage of existence, maimed and crippled, so that however high we may soar, our flight will always be less lofty than it would otherwise have been; and however exquisite our bliss, it will be always less exquisitely blissful than it was capable of being. Every instance of violated conscience, like every broken string in a harp, will limit the compass of its music, and mar its harmonies forever.

6. Tremble, then, and forbear, O man! when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy nature, and the immortal glories of thy destiny; for if thou dost cast down thine eyes, to look with complacency upon the tempter, or bend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move forever and ever through inferior species of being; thou dost wound and dim the very organ, with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of eternity!

HORACE MANN.

---

2. Pĕr′ fi dy, *violation of trust.*

6. Com plā′ cen cy, *pleasure.* Se duc′ tion, *the act of enticing from virtue.*

LESSON CXVII.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

1. Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

2. "Hark! 'Tis his footstep!—'Tis past: 'tis gone!
Tick!—Tick! How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last—how mad!—how blind!

3. "Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food!—The fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done,
My heart must break!—and thou!"—The clock strikes one.

4. "Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there:
For this!—for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! For what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

5. "Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child!—Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

6. "Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! Moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

7. "Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It can not be. He will be here.

8. "Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

9. They're gone! They're gone! the glimmering spark hath sped!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around.—The clock struck four?

DR. COATES

LESSON CXVIII.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. IF there is one state in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

2. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle: but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South.

3. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

4. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina during that revolution. The whole state, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

5. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens; black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit

of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

HAYNES.

LESSON CXIX.

MASSACHUSETTS.

1. THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced.

2. I claim part of the honor: I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

3. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina?

4. Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Caro-

lina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir,—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

5. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

6. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

7. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is; behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—

the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

8. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

WEBSTER.

LESSON CXX.

HYMN OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

1. Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

2. This is pale beauty's bourn; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,
Leading their aged friends with feelings dutiful
Amid the wreaths of Spring, to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

3. This is a populous place; but where the bustling,
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on—the snowy garments rustling—
The money-changers—and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

4. This is the home of grandeur; where are they—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

5. This is the place of refuge and repose;
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

6. This is a place of gloom; where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death;
Approach and look, where the long grass is plumy;
See them above! they are not found beneath;
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

7. This is a place of sorrow! friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answer not;

And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot:
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

8. This is a place of fear; the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON CXXI.

SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.

1. ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown, and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

2. We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

3. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans

too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust? True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

4. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

5. We plunged into the waves, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked the new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

6. But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.)

7. Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every instance, those who take are to

judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

8. But thanks to God there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule.

9. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which ONE BREATH OF THEIR KING may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England can not extinguish it.

LESSON CXXII.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Letters.

SAGE Cadmus, hail! To thee the Grecians owed
The art and science that from letters flowed:
To thy great mind indebted sages stand,
And grateful learning owns thy guardian hand.

Printing.

Hail, mystic art! which sage-like men have taught
To speak to eyes and paint unbodied thought!

Though deaf and dumb, blest skill, relieved by thee,
We make one sense perform the task of three.

Words.

In all your words let energy be found,
And learn to rise in *sense* and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy which offend the ear.

Education.

Youth like the softened wax, with ease will take
Those images that first impressions make:
If these are fair their lives will all be bright,
If dark, they'll cloud it all with shades of night.

Wisdom.

Wisdom's an evenness of mind and soul;
A steady temper which no cares control,
No passions ruffle, no desires inflame,
Still constant to itself, and still the same.

Fame.

A generous ardor boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
To leave a memorable name behind.

Self-Conceit.

Conceited thoughts indulged without control,
Exclude all future knowledge from the soul;
For he who thinks himself already wise,
Of course, all future knowledge will despise.

Honor.

Not all the threats or favors of a crown,
A prince's whisper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the spirit or allure the mind
Of him who to strict Honor is inclined.

Swearing.

Maintain your rank: vulgarity despise:
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect: your Maker now may stop your breath.

Solitude.

Thou gentle nurse of pleasing woe;
To thee, from crowds, and noise, and show,
With eager haste I fly:
Thrice welcome friendly SOLITUDE!
Oh let no busy feet intrude,
Nor listening ear be nigh.

Thought.

Whoever thinks and acts independently, using much precaution and care, will become great, and be esteemed by mankind.

Hatred.

Go—and may misery haunt thee
From morn till dewy night—
And untold terrors daunt thee
In all thy dreams till light;
May all thy hopes be smitten,
Thy brightest hours be gloom,
And infamy be written
In lightning on thy tomb.

Kindness.

I would not enter on my list of friends—
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility—the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

Hatred and Kindness.

The following lines were written by Burns on seeing a hare which was wounded by a shot:

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thick'ning brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more to rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I musing wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

LESSON CXXIII.

THE WIFE.

1. I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such

intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity.

2. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising, in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

3. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity—winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

4. These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.

5. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from

him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time, he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart.

6. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eye of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul.

7. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. "A little while," thought he, "and the smile will vanish from that cheek; the song will die away from those lips; the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world."

8. At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation, in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself not by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife.

9. "Believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand—"believe me, there is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity,

but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

10. Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp.

11. He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

12. He was wearied with the fatigue of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I; "has any thing happened to her? Has she repined at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

13. "Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never was so rich; you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

14. After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the

most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing, rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front.

15. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-path, that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm: we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

16. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild-flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

17. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I have set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I have been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here. Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face—"Oh! we shall be so happy!"

18. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms around her; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone

prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

IRVING.

LESSON CXXIV.

GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY.*

1. HERE are the houses of the dead. Here youth
And age, and manhood, stricken in his strength,
Hold solemn state, and awful silence keep,
While Earth goes murmuring in her ancient path,
And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro
Upon his mountainous bed impatiently,
And many stars make worship musical
In the dim-aisled abyss, and over all
The Lord of Life, in meditation sits
Beneath the large white dome of Immortality.

2. Made quiet by the awe, I pause and think
Among these walks lined with the frequent tombs;
For it is very wonderful. Afar
The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires,
And snowy sails are glancing on the bay,
As if in merriment—but here all sleep;
They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past:
Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes—
They sleep!—Sweet Summer comes and calls, and calls
With all her passionate poetry of flowers
Wed to the music of the soft south wind—
They sleep!—The lonely Autumn sits and sobs
Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart

* Brooklyn, N. Y.

Would break—they sleep!—Wild Winter comes and chants
Majestical the mournful sagas learn'd
Far in the melancholy North, where God
Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas—
They slumber still: Sleep on, O passionless dead:
Ye make our world sublime: ye have a power
And majesty the living never hold.

3. Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold!
Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate
His crouching foe. Ambition here shall lean
Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye
That, over-bold, would take the hight of gods,
And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come
The matron and the child, through many years,
To this fair spot, whether the plumed hearse
Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death
For a brief moment pauses: all shall come
To feel the touching eloquence of graves:
And therefore it was well for us to clothe
The place with beauty. No dark terror here
Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul,
But Poetry and her starry comrade Art
Shall make the sacred country of the dead
Magnificent.

4. The fragrant flowers shall smile
Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake
Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs;
The little lake, set in a paradise
Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon
What time she looks from her imperial tent
In long delight at all below; the sea
Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe
Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand
On every hill, and look like spirits there

That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well!
Why should a darkness scowl on any spot
Where man grasps immortality? Light, light,
And art, and poetry, and eloquence,
And all that we call glorious, are its dower.

5. Oh, ye whose moldering frames were brought and placed
By pious hands within these flowery slopes
And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now?
For man is more than element. The soul
Lives in the body as the sunbeam lives
In trees or flowers that were but clay without.
Then where are ye, lost sunbeams of the mind?
Are ye where great Orion towers and holds
Eternity on his stupendous front?
Or where pale Neptune in the distant space
Shows us how far, in His creative mood,
With pomp of silence and concentered brows,
The Almighty walked? Or haply ye have gone
Where other matter roundeth into shapes
Of bright beatitude: or do ye know
Aught of dull space or time, and its dark load
Of aching weariness?

6. They answer not.
But HE whose love created them of old,
To cheer His solitary realm and reign,
With love will still remember them.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

---

1. Cem′ e ter y, *a place for burying the dead.*

2. Sā′ ga, *the general name of ancient compositions which relate to the history or mythology of the northern European races.*

LESSON CXXV.

[Extracts of remarks made, April 1, 1850, in the Senate of the United States, on the death of John C. Calhoun, by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.]

CLAY.

1. Sir, he has gone! No more shall we witness, from yonder seat, the flashes of that keen and penetrating eye of his darting through this chamber; no more shall we behold that torrent of clear, concise, compact logic poured out from his lips, which, if it did not always carry conviction to our judgment, commanded our great admiration. Those eyes and those lips are closed forever!

2. And when, Mr. President, will that great vacancy, which has been created by the event to which we are now alluding—when will it be filled by an equal amount of ability, patriotism, and devotion to what he conceived to be the best interests of his country?

3. Sir, this is not the appropriate occasion, nor would I be the appropriate person, to attempt a delineation of his character, or the powers of his enlightened mind. I will only say, in a few words, that he possessed an elevated genius of the highest order; that in felicity of generalization of the subjects of which his mind treated, I have seen him surpassed by no one; and the charm and captivating influence of his colloquial powers have been felt by all who have conversed with him. I was his senior, Mr. President, in years: in nothing else. According to the course of nature, I ought to have preceded him. It has been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall soon follow him.

4. How brief, how short is the period of human exist-

ence allotted even to the youngest among us! Sir, ought we not to profit by the contemplation of this melancholy occasion? * * * I trust we shall all be instructed by the eminent virtues and merits of Mr. Calhoun's exalted character, and be taught, by his bright example, to fulfill our great public duties by the lights of our own judgments, and the dictates of our own consciences, faithfully and to the last.

WEBSTER.

5. Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and motives. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of John C. Calhoun.

6. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or selfish feeling.

7. However, sir, he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity, under the sanction of a great name. He has lived so long, and has acted his part so well, so successfully, and so honorably, as to connect himself, for all time, with the record of his country. He is now a historical character.

8. Those who have known him here will find that he has left upon our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performance,

which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his cotemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him.

9. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places; and when the time shall come that we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.

LESSON CXXVI.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG PERSONS.

1. I INTEND, in this address, to show you the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to your conduct. As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see, that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honor, others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behavior, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society.

2. Early, then, may you learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or

unhappiness, your honor or infamy, depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors?

3. If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasures; if you refuse to listen to any counselor but humor, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings?

4. While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which are required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labor and care?

5. Deceive not yourselves with those arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to "take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth."

6. He hath decreed, that they only "who seek after wisdom shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted, because of their transgressions; and that whoever refuseth instruction, shall destroy his own soul." By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may in-

sure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

7. When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character and every station in life.

8. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts, without probity or honor. Whether science, or business, or public life be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station.

9. The vigor which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardor of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonorable avocations; are the foundations of all that is highly honorable or greatly successful among men.

10. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper luster. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without.

Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice.

11. By whatever means you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the luster of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

12. Let not, then, the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your future felicity and honor. Now is the seed-time of life, and according to "what you sow, you shall reap." Your character is now, under Divine assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands.

13. Your nature is, as yet, pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed, and free, than they will be at any future period.

14. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider, then, the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you, as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness in time and in eternity.

15. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age.

16. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been "vanity," its latter end can scarcely be any other than "vexation of spirit."

17. I shall finish this address with calling your attention to that dependence on the blessing of Heaven, which, amid all your endeavors after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honor, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves.

18. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which often occur in life.

19. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! "Every good and every perfect gift is from above." Wisdom and virtue, as well as "riches and honor, come from God." Destitute of His favor, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm.

20. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect

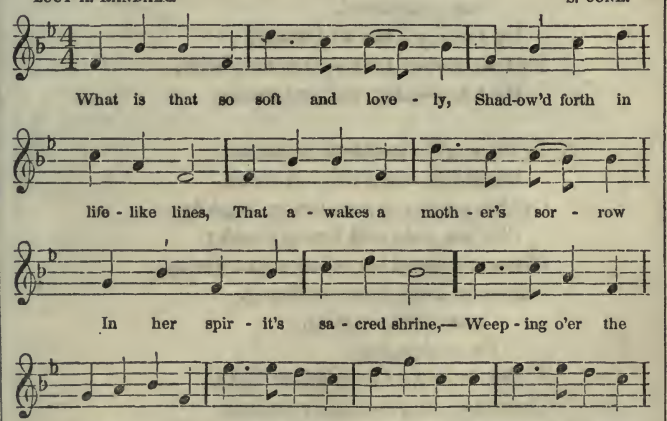
not that your happiness can be independent of Him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven.

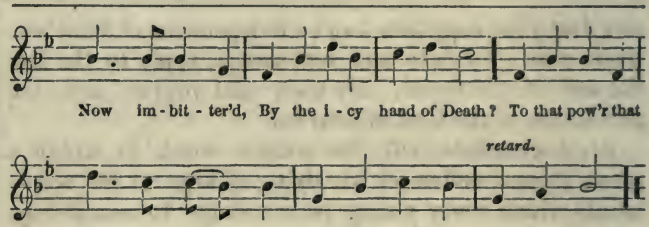
21. I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son—words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself; and to engrave deeply on his heart: "Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off forever."

BLAIR.

THE CHILD'S PORTRAIT.

LUCY A. RANDALL. S. CONE.





Lines Suggested by the Daguerreotype Likeness of a Deceased Child.

"Among the recollected dead, there are some over whose beloved face oblivion can never draw their shrouds; nor would we have them hidden—dear, pleasant, and consolatory—inasmuch as from their remembered features are now reflected some few rays of His glory, in whose presence their souls are standing."—*Martyria.*

1. WHAT is that so soft and lovely,
Shadowed forth in life-like lines,
That awakes the mother's sorrow,
In her spirit's sacred shrine,—
Weeping o'er the hopes departed,
Lone, and sad, and weary-hearted,—
Joys that glittered,
Now imbittered,
By the icy hand of Death?
To that power that spares no victim,
He has yielded up his breath.

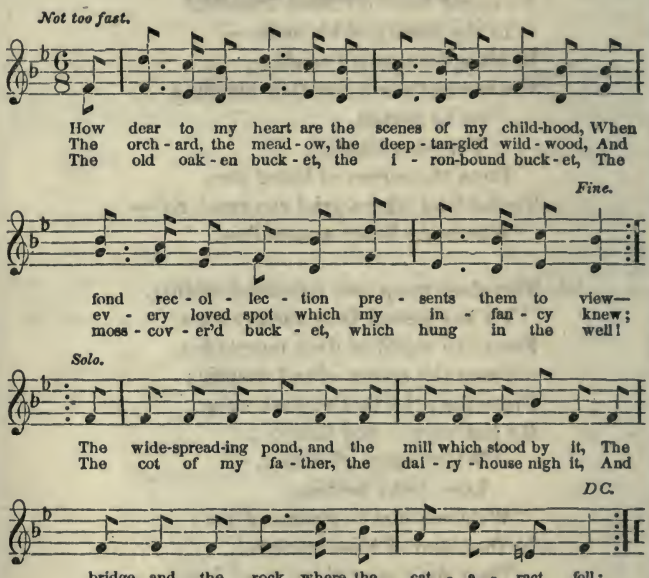
2. In his angel sweetness pictured,
Beautiful, and soft, and meek,
Golden curls are wandering brightly
O'er his pale and lovely cheek;
Flowers around his white arm twining
Saint-like he is there reclining.
Cease thy weeping,
He is sleeping,
But to wake in realms of light,
There to join the notes celestial,
Sung by angels robed in white.

3. He was but a spirit angel,
Sent to earth to dwell awhile;
Ye might trace his home immortal
In the beauty of his smile—
In his spirit upward tending,
Heaven and earth together blending.
So he parted,
Yet pure hearted,
From the scenes of bitter woe,
To the land where grief can come not—
Where the living waters flow.

4. Therefore weep not, mourning mother,
He has passed from earthly care,
From the world of dark temptation,
From the scenes of sad despair;
From the grief that stayeth never,
He has parted, and forever;
White wings gleaming,
Love-looks beaming,
Welcome him to realms of joy:
In that land of bliss immortal,
Thou shalt meet thine angel boy.

NOTE.—The merit of the above poetry, by Miss Randall (daughter of S. S. Randall), does not suffer by comparison with the productions of our most celebrated poets, at a similar age. Miss R. is but *thirteen* years old.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.



1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well!

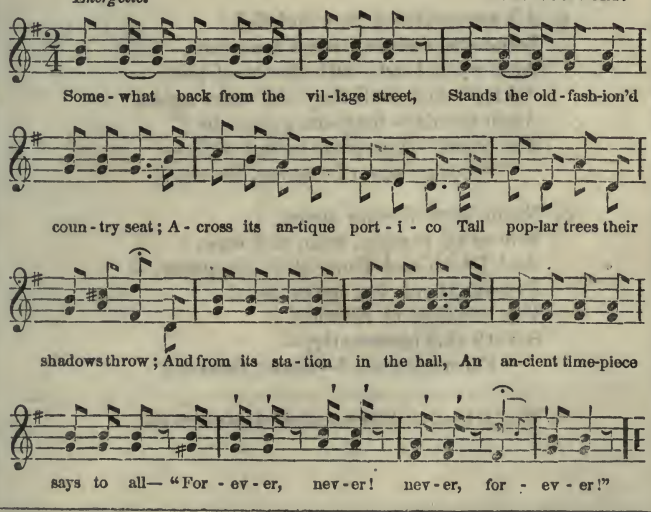
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

(From "Woodbury's Youth's Song Book," by permission.)

Energetic. I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all,
"Forever, never!—never, forever!"

2. By day, its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as passing footsteps fall,
It echoes 'long the vacant hall—
Along the ceiling, 'long the floor—
And seems to say at chamber-door,
"Forever, never!—never, forever!"

3. There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! Oh, golden prime,
And affluence, love, and olden time!
E'en as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
"Forever, never!—never, forever!"

4. All are scattered now and fled;
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they e'er meet again,
As in the days long since gone by?"
The ancient time-piece makes reply—
"Forever, never!—never, forever!"

5. Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And Death and Time, shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever, never!—never, forever!"

---

5. Hor' o lōge, *an instrument which measures time.*

RETURN TO ⟶ **EDUCATION-PSYCHOLOGY LIBRARY**
2600 Tolman Hall 642-4209

LOAN PERIOD 1 **1 MONTH**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-hour books must be renewed in person
Return to desk from which borrowed

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

APR 11 1980

REC'D MAY 5 '80 -11 AM

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD10, 10m, 11/78 BERKELEY, CA 94720

YB 36854

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES

C075710310

M69876

894
W366
v.4

EDUC. DEPT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY